

MRS. M'H. HOWE
TO SAIL TODAY

NAME OF MOTELS	LOCATION	ROOMS	RATES	TARIFF
WEST VIEW INN & CABIN	RD. HAVENHILL	18	\$140 up	\$7.00 up
THE ROBERTSON INN	MC CONNA	15	15	15.00 up

HAMPTON BEACH, New Hampshire

NAME OF HOTEL	DAILY	WEEKLY
THE PELHAM	42, 54, up. Room rates, 1932 rates	\$10, up.
LANCASHIRE	42, 54, up. Room rates, 1932 rates	\$10, up.
THE MALCOLM	36, 51, up. Hot and Cold Water in Every Room	

Old Orchard Beach, Me.

BALLETSH HOUSE, 17 ROOMS. 53 TO 50 DAILY, 514 TO 520 WEEKLY
 THE BILLOW HOUSE, 46 ROOMS: 54 TO 56 DAILY, 522 TO 538 WEEKLY

York Beach, Maine

THE WINTERLAND COTTAGES, 48 ROOMS: 23.50 DAILY, 518 UP, WEEKLY

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

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Sunday, July 30, 1933

The Eye of the Dragon

by Herbert Jensen



"Into that seat!" cried Grannis from the stern, pointing a revolver toward the man who had just come aboard.
"Row or I'll blow you back in the water!"

at the nostrils; his lips were thin across a wide mouth. His age was perhaps thirty-five or so.

"It was unnecessary to strike him!" Her words were tones.

The man Grannis allowed his upper lip to rise at the corner.

"The cockney swine was loading. We've got to keep steerageway in these swells."

"He's tired," protested the girl. "He's been rowing since midnight." She glanced at the sun. "And it's almost evening."

"We're all tired, Miss Perry. We've got to—!" His face grew slightly green under his pale skin as the boat lifted with a swell and was sucked down into the following hollow. Little knots of muscle quivered at the points of his jaw. He bent over the tiller and was sick overboard.

When he recovered he stared at the girl with glazed eyes.

"Bail!" he commanded hoarsely. "There's half of Hangchow Bay in the boat. Another dip like that . . ."

Marsha Perry crouched down. At her soaked feet the body of an unconscious man lolled in the bilge. His crisp dark hair was matted with streaks of blood. She pushed his shoulders up so that his face would be away from the water and readjusted his soaked dinner coat to cushion his head. She remembered his merry brown eyes smiling at her from across the captain's table the night before. His name was Jernigan—the only fellow American on the Chang Wo's list of foreign passengers. She had liked his brisk charm almost instantly; now she was pitying his helplessness.

She pressed her teeth against her lips with the pain in her arm muscles, as with a monotonous dipping and lifting she began to bail the water from the boat. It seemed a hopeless task to clear the bilge. The strakes were loose on the craft's ribs. She could see the sea-water trickle through the seams.

"How is your patient, Miss Perry?" called Grannis. "Dead yet?" With lowered eyes Marsha continued her bailing. It must not happen that Grannis should see the leathery she knew would show in her face.

She wondered who the man was. His name, of course, was

CHAPTER I.

THE girl in the waist of the ship's-boat cried out. Her voice was sharp with protest. Again the man called Grannis let go the helm and slashed the knotted rope-end across the face of the port oarsman. The rower who was struck swayed on his seat. The muscles quivered under the blistered skin of his back. He would have pitched backward had not the girl arisen with the lift of the boat to place her hands upon his sweating shoulders.

"Thanks, lady," muttered the oarsman. "'E cawn't 'urt me. Tyke 'is gun aw'y and I'd 'ave a go at the blighter. S'truth!"

He splashed his oar in clumsy union with that of his Chinese companion, who rowed stolidly beside him.

The girl compressed her lips and stared at the boatswain over the heads of the straining rowers. She saw a man in rumpled evening clothes. His black, metallic eyes stared back at her insolently out of a pale, narrow face. The nose was slightly flattened and broad

Continued on Page 12

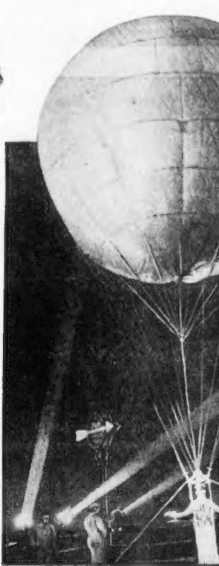
Traffic Cops You Don't Meet Every Day



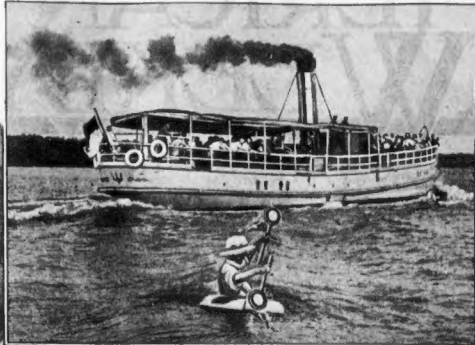
The Barefoot Traffic Cop of the Elton Country, Africa, Who Doesn't Seem to Mind the Heat That the Road on Which He Stands Is Hot Enough to Fry an Egg.

IN THE minds of most Americans a traffic cop is a fellow with a blue uniform and a whistle who stands at the intersection of busy highways, or rolls over these highways on a motorcycle. But, as the photographs on this page show, there are traffic cops—and traffic cops, some of them

Below—Los Angeles Has a Traffic Cop Whose Post Is in the Basket of a Balloon. Officer K. A. Smith Operates When the Movies Have an Opening. He Keeps Traffic Moving and Works in the Glare of a Spotlight.



float on the water and wave their arms at steamers and motor boats. Others float above the ground in the baskets of balloons. In certain sections of Africa the "jims of the law" that tell people and vehicles when to stop and



Here Hammer, the Water Traffic Policeman on Lake Wausau, Near Berlin, Who Manages to Avert Many Collisions Among Small Craft.

when to go, array themselves in Moslem dress and stand barefooted on pavements hot enough to fry eggs on. And here in India the police who patrol the roads look down on their work from the humps of long-legged camels.

The aquatic traffic cop shown in one of the pictures on this page is stationed in the middle of Lake Wausau, a popular summer resort not far from the German capital. His name is Herr Hammer, and he got the job when the increasing fleet of steamers, speedboats and sailboats brought about dangerous congestion. The sea-going copper, who had served as an enlisted man in the German navy, was given the job after several collisions, in two of which people were drowned.

Officer Hammer admits frankly that being a water traffic cop is much easier than being a terrestrial director of traffic because he is not "on his feet" during his hours of duty. A pair of watertight rubber pants are attached to the circular life preserver that keeps him afloat and in these simple trousers he sits comfortably suspended.

The cop in a balloon recently all but stole the show from the Hollywood celebrities who attended the premiere of a motion picture in Los Angeles. More as a stunt than anything else, the officer was installed in the basket of a one-man balloon and elevated above the crowded street near the entrance of the

theatre. A powerful spotlight was focused on him so that motorists and pedestrians could not miss him and his directorial gestures.

The stunt worked out so well that it is said that the city fathers of the movie capital are thinking seriously of ordering several such balloons from the backs of which traffic police will, from a conspicuous point of vantage above the streets, keep the flow of vehicles and people moving smoothly.

India's camel cops, because of the still-like legs of their mounts, are about as high above the streets they patrol as Los Angeles' balloon cops would be and, if necessary they can give chase to pedestrians who indulge in jay walking or automobile



The Camel Cop of Lucknow, India, Gets a Good View of the Traffic From His Lofly Perch.

billies who need to be pulled over to the curb and asked the Indian equivalent of: "Say, buddy, where do you think you're going?"

The camel cop in the picture is one of several such "mounties" in the crowded city of Lucknow. He is riding and extraordinarily long-legged camel because from the top of its hump he can see what's going on for more than a block in every direction. Some of the camel-riding traffic officers are stationed at busy intersections where they stay put. But others are roving arms of the law who patrol the busy thoroughfares as some of the mounted police do in New York and other large American cities.

Africa has its traffic cops, too, and although there is little to direct in some of the communities where these minions of the law wave their arms and blow their whistles with as much energy and authority as the busiest officers in London or New York, they stick loyally to their posts.

The shony-faced officer shown in the photograph does his stuff in the Elton Country of the Dark Continent and is proud of his power over his fellow-fellows. His uniform is like nothing to be found anywhere else in the world because, though his legs are bound in wool wrap-around puttees, his feet are shoeless.

Problems of the Family Pet

THE Croxon sisters, daughters of the owners of famous Medlar Farm, in Norfolk, England, are nice girls with warm spots in their hearts for the cows, horses, ponies and all the other furred and feathered beasts that roam their father's fertile acres. They never would think of treating one of these creatures cruelly. But when the picture, shown below, appeared in a British magazine, many tender-hearted and well-meaning citizens, some of them members of organizations formed to prevent thoughtless and vicious human beings from abusing animals, raised critical

voice against the seven Croxon girls. Letters voicing these indignant sentiments poured in to the editor's desk. Other letters were sent to Mr. Croxon and to the girls, as a group. For a time there was quite a stir.

But the criticism soon subsided, and to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. Papa Croxon explained to the kindly disposed protectors of our dumb animals that his daughters sat astride their pet only a few seconds—just long enough for a photographer to snap the picture, and that he and his girls would be the last persons in the British Isles to abuse an animal.



The Seven Riding Sisters of Medlar Farm, England. The Misses Croxon All Favor This Pet Horse, and Once They All Mounted Him Together—in Their Later Discomfort.

Memorial to the Biggest Mustache

WHEN General Gaisai Nagakoa, the respected and venerable "father of Japanese aviation" and the proud possessor of the longest mustache in the land of Cherry Blossoms, went to join the spirits of his honorable ancestors he left instructions for the strangest funeral ceremony ever performed in that country. This ceremony attended the burial of his highly prized mustache, which were snow white and measured 20 inches from tip to tip.

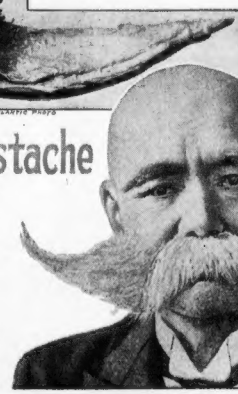
As soon as a death mask had been made of the 77-year-old general, his son clipped off the famous mustache, which his father had cultivated tenderly for more than half a century, and placed it on a cushion in a costly and specially made casket.

A separate memorial service, attended by members of the family, in-

imate friends and high officials of the Japanese Government, was held for the mustache and when the remains of the general had been cremated, his celebrated whiskers were buried in a small mound near the one in which the ashes of the old gentleman were ceremoniously laid to eternal rest.

Because of his long life-time of service to his people everything about Gaisai Nagakoa was nationally respected. His mustache was as well known in Japan as the flashing grin of the late Theodore Roosevelt was in the United States. It became a symbol and a sort of shrine, as well as the owner's particular vanity. At the general's request the mound in which his mustache was buried was prepared by members of his family and his closest friends.

The Death Mask of General Nagakoa, of Japan, Who Owned the World's Most Spectacular Mustache. The Mask Has Just Been Completed.



General Nagakoa in Life. Upon His Death, His Son Severed His Mustache, Placed It in a Costly Casket and Held Special Observances for It.

Uncanny Fate of Maine Infidel and His Home

THE other day, during one of the most violent electrical storms that has hit the Maine coast for many a year, a bolt of lightning ripped out of the black clouds scudding over Casco Bay and scored a thunderous bull's-eye on the charred ruins of a crude shack set on the ledges of Pole Island.

No one has lived on Pole Island for years, and if a fisherman living on the nearby mainland of Quobog Bay had not noticed that the lightning bolt set fire to the wretched shack, piled of boards the incident would have gone unnoticed and unmentioned. But the fisherman did see the fire, and, knowing the history of that shack and of the hard-bitten recluses who once called it home, he saw in the direct hit from the overcast heavens an uncanny vengeance wreaked upon the place and the spirit of the man who used to live there.

The man's name was Herb Beals. He caught lobsters and fish for his meagre living, and let everyone who came within range of his voice know that he was an infidel and a blasphemer. His favorite indoor and outdoor sport was reviling the Almighty and everyone who believed in Him. But he seems to have paid for his sinfulness in a dramatic and spectacular way—at least, that's what the devout

annals of the Seamen's Bethel Mission record.

The strange story of the infidel and his shack, as set down, in part, in these records and related by the fishermen who witnessed the final destruction of the little shack on Pole Island, goes like this:

Some years ago the Mormons and the Latter Day Saints used visit isolated sections of the Maine coast and held revival meetings in an effort to get converts. One Summer the Mormons gathered at Bethel Point, a spot on the mainland just across from Pole Island. They ran to the shelter of a nearby barn and Herb Beals laughed and roared like a madman. He stood in the door of his shack, his mangy hound howling between his feet, shaking his fist at the sky and defying God to do something to him for his blasphemy.

The Mormons watched the scuffer from the barn door and, being the good Christians they were, confidently expected something terrible to happen to such a misguided fellow man. Their expectations were suddenly and violently fulfilled when, with an explosion like the blast of a cannon, a jagged streak of fire descended from the black heavens and smote the shack on the island. Herb Beals, the scuffer, fell as though flattened by the hammer of Thor.

When the storm had passed, some of the Mormons borrowed a boat and rowed across the little stretch of water to Pole Island. The blasphemous man and his gaunt hound were as

dead as door nails. That bolt from the sky had killed them instantly. The floor of the shack was torn up as though it had been wracked by some angry giant, and the walls were blackened as if scoured by flames.

The death of the doubter was duly recorded in the annals of the Seamen's Bethel Mission, with which the Mormons were associated, and now the chapter has been dramatically closed with the recent complete destruction of the scuffer's unholy abode.

Coroner for the Zoo

SOME of Lieutenant Colonel A. E. Hammetton's intimate friends josh him about his job—he's coroner at the London zoo and must perform an autopsy over every furred, feathered and scaly creature that dies there. The Colonel takes this spoofing as good-naturedly as he takes his job seriously, because he knows better than anyone else how important his post-mortem examinations of lions, tigers, birds, apes and what-not are. His findings have saved Londoners thousands of dollars by showing the officials and keepers of the world-famous zoo how to feed and care for animals so that untimely and premature death may be prevented.

During the past year Coroner Hammetton performed 994 autopsies on animals that died in the zoo. He is called in to give the official verdict on the cause of death in the palm of one hand. And in every one of these cases he wrote a complete report for the files of the zoo.

As is the case with members of the human race, the Colonel found that most of the fatalities in the zoo are caused by disorders of the digestive tract. Next to indigestion, accidents and injuries account for more deaths than any other single cause. And the third major cause of death is diseases of the lungs. Apes and monkeys are particularly susceptible to colds and pneumonia.

Reno Hat-Check Girl Takes Lord Cowley's Coronet, Too

But She Must Hand It Back Eventually
and Become Plain Mrs. Wellesley or
Her Noble Husband May Go
to Jail—And She Won't
Get Any Tip From the
First Lady Cowley
When She Does It



Lord Cowley Eating His Wedding Breakfast With the New Lady Cowley at a "Barbecue" Near Reno.

THEY call them "hat-check bandits," those ladies with a winning smile who take a man's hat and give it back for a ransom of a dime to a dollar. But look what the unusually winning one at the Cedars, a Reno night club, did to Christian Arthur Wellesley, Fourth Earl Cowley, usually called Lord Cowley, and great-nephew of the First Duke of Wellington.

Besides his hat she took his coronet, heart, title and all, incidentally getting his Lordship into such a matrimonial mess that if he returns to England, he may be jailed for bigamy. The only solution is to give up his Earldom, his seat in the House of Lords, even his British citizenship and become a plain American. Until this happens he will have two wives, a Countess Cowley whose title is good in America but no good in England and another whose title is good in England but no good in America. If the three should meet in some neutral country most anything might happen.

Lord Cowley was in Reno on business, the usual one of getting a divorce. It was doubtful business, in his case, because the divorce would be worthless in England unless his wife, the former American actress, Mae Pickard, could be induced to make an appearance in the suit. But Lady Maik liked the title and the \$13,000 a year he has to pay her on the separation arrangement. Even if she is too modern to be called the "clinging vine" she is the "sticking plaster" type of wife and showed no inclination to cooperate in being divorced.

However, every Englishman believes that like England itself, he can "muddle through" most any trouble, provided he has sufficient money and time. He is wealthy and had supposed also that he had plenty of time when the established law which sometimes Nevada divorce capital. Slow-moving English lawyers were conducting financial negotiations which sometimes might cause Lady Cowley to relent and become a party to the divorce. Depressed but still hopeful of muddling through, the Earl wandered into the Cedars, a night club on the outskirts of Reno and suddenly the miracle happened—the hat-check girl who had looked at him with a smile and had held more voltage than any the noble Earl had ever encountered. Lord Cowley knew now why his feet had been cold in Reno. Love at first sight struck him with such force that his monotic dropped, his top-hat trembled in his hand and his cane fell. And now he knew that he just had to get that divorce, for here, smiling at him, was the answer to all his prayers.

So, alas, with this thrill came a new and unpleasant feeling. He was in a hurry, which is fatal to successful muddling. Next day he called his London solicitors a ridiculous request to hurry up, as if any English lawyer could possibly hurry. They thought he was crazy.

Inside the club that night he saw nothing to interest him, because his mind was full of the pretty blonde who was guarding his hat and cane for him. He wondered if she was married,

which does not matter much in Reno because believing that difficulty is what the town is there for. As a matter of fact she wasn't at the moment, having just divorced Joseph T. Himes, of San Francisco. However, Mary Elsie Himes happened to be born and reared in the place. When the Earl went out, which was greeted him with another of those winning smiles, and it seemed to say:

"Here's your hat—what's your hurry?"

His Lordship ransomed the hat for a one-pound note, that is, like all Englishmen, this is what he called it in his mental arithmetic, though in actual fact it was a five-dollar bill. They told each other their matrimonial situations, as is customary between strangers in Reno, and from then on the Earl became the club's steadiest customer, patiently waiting each night till closing time, for the privilege of taking the hat-check girl home. Another quaint Reno custom is for people to become engaged before they are divorced.

Lord Cowley found himself in that condition one day and then his hurry really became desperate. In his next cable he revealed to the English solicitors that he was not exactly crazy, but in love, which legally was about as bad. They made a pathetic attempt to wind up the result that Lady Cowley apparently guessed what was in the wind and broke off all negotiations. The solicitors cabled him the bad news and his Reno lawyers told him that the best he could do was to get a divorce by default, on the strength of which he could remarry in Nevada, and have the marriage given some respect in the United States as against an English wife, but that if he set foot on English soil his first lady could have him arrested for bigamy. This he knew was true because Lord Russell had gone to jail for that very thing. The Earl has great estates and valuable business interests in England, which he must visit once in a while, but also he must marry that lovely hat-check girl and yet he must not lose his property, or how could he support her? He asked the lawyers if there was some way in which he could eat his cake and have it, too. There was. If he would renounce his titles and become an American citizen, then even a Reno divorce by default would be recognized in England, at least to the extent that his first Lady Cowley could not jail him.

So, at the earliest possible day his Lordship got his default divorce and still he was in a hurry. Within ten minutes of grabbing the divorce and his dark-eyed bride were standing be-

fore the Rev. Brewster Adams, Baptist minister, being married in the home of his Lordship's attorney, Mr. H. H. Atkinson. Then they hurried away on the honeymoon in California. Presumably the hurry is now over and the upkeep of his Lordship's hat no longer costs \$5 per day. Lord Cowley has three children by his first wife, and the Reno Lady Cowley, who is 26 years old, has had one son by her first husband.

Of course, the proper place for an English Earl to get a divorce is his own England. Lord Cowley tried this but the case was thrown out with painful speed and enthusiasm. In fact the foreman of the jury interrupted proceedings by asking the judge if they might render a verdict in favor of Lady Cowley then and there and the disgusted judge permitted it.

Lord Cowley went on the stage as a young man when he was only heir to his father's title and known as Viscount Dangan. His father did not approve of his ways and kept him without money. The elder nobleman was peculiarly qualified as a moralist, and besides needed all the money he could get, as he was married three times and divorced twice—considered an imposing record in England, where divorce is only granted for infidelity.

The count of young Lord Cowley's wanderings found him in New York in the musical comedy, "The Girl in the Film"—nothing less than that. Miss Mae Pickard, a pretty and charming chorus girl, was in the company, and after six weeks' ardent courtship the young British nobleman married her in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Since then he has appeared as leading man in "Fallen Angels," by Noel Coward. This is said to have had some mysterious malign influence on his attitude towards his wife. In 1919 his distinguished father died and he inherited the family estates and fortune. He is wealthy, contrary to what might be expected from his rank and associations.

The young couple had three children

and not long after that he began to lose interest in her. In 1924 he brought suit for divorce against her in England, naming Humphrey Kent, a sometime actor, as co-respondent, a suit which, as already mentioned, ended very unpleasantly for his Lordship.

Then, in 1931, Lady Cowley raised his hopes by starting a suit against him in England, but the hopes were dashed when she withdrew it, indeed, it is said, by her mother.

The English divorce suit brought by Lord Cowley was interesting for its revelations of theatrical gay life and the sympathy aroused for the American chorus-girl wife. That she was several times compelled to interrupt her evidence, and the stern English judge, obviously affected by her story, went out of his way to comfort her. She told the court that there was a time when her married life was "Oh, so happy," but then, according to the stories told, the demon of jealousy began to creep into their lives, and her dreams of a perpetual honeymoon vanished forever.

It was said on behalf of the husband that at intervals Lady Cowley took "more drink than was good for her," that while staying at the house in Clarence Gate Gardens of her friend, Mrs. Maud Collier, an actress, she was seen wearing a silk kimono in the company of the co-respondent, who was dressed with similar negligee. On another occasion she was alleged to have been

seen sitting on the floor with her head against his knees.

Mrs. Maud Collier, who gave evidence for Lord Cowley, said that when Lady Cowley and Mr. Kent were visiting her she went to bed and left them in the sitting-room; but after a while she was awakened by the sound of Lady Cowley dropping her clothes in the bedroom. Her ladyship, who was wearing a light silk kimono, then went downstairs and turned off the light.

"I was awakened later," said Mrs. Collier, "by the sound of someone running up and down the passage. I went downstairs about two o'clock in the morning and found Lady Cowley in the sitting-room with her legs curled up in a chair; and Mr. Kent in an old dressing-gown belonging to me. They were both very drunk, and I asked Lady Cowley to go to bed. Mr. Kent went to his bedroom, and Lady Cowley followed him."

Nellie Collins, a maid, told of Mr. Kent's visits to the flat while Lady Cowley was there. Sometimes Lady Cowley was in bed and he went straight to where she was. She had known the two to remain in a room an hour, two hours, three hours. One morning when she went to Mr. Kent's

room to ask him what he would have for breakfast, she found him in bed and Lady Cowley, fully dressed, was lying on the bed beside him.

One time, the witness said, Lady Cowley was in the kitchen displaying garments and asserting they were prettier than Mrs. Collier's. She was running around quite excitedly, showing the things she had on.

Lady Cowley's lawyer alleged that the real reason for bringing the suit was that if Lord Cowley were he would be freed from the necessity of paying her \$18,000 a year he settled on her when he left her.

Lady Cowley, "speaking in a slight American accent" between her sobs, told how her husband came home at four o'clock in the morning and, glaring into her room, remarked, "Oh, you are waiting up for me, are you?"

She replied she was very worried, and asked him where he had been. He replied, "Dancing." She then accused him of being unfaithful, and he replied: "Good Lord! I have been unfaithful for over a year."

When she said she did not believe him, he retorted, "All married men are." He then confessed that he was in love with another woman. Lady Cowley's testimony was so full of sobbing that after an hour or two of it the jury's nerves could stand no more. There was a whispering in the jury box, then the foreman arose, blew his nose to clear away his own traces of tears, and asked leave to give the defended the verdict. The former actress stopped weeping and made her exit from the courtroom—smiling.



Lord Cowley Wandered Into a Reno Night Club and Found the Hat-Check Girl Looking at Him With Smiles—And That Smile Held More Voltage Than Any the Noble Earl Had Ever Encountered. Love at First Sight Struck Him With Such Force That His Monotic Dropped and His Cane Fell from His Trembling Hand.

The English Countess Cowley, Who Refused to Get or Accept a Divorce From Her Noble Husband.

Lost the Beauty Prize— But Won Coveted Fame



Miss Marjorie Carlidge, Whose Ash-Gold Hair Inspired Sir John Lavery, the Great British Painter, to Select Her as a Model for His Newest Portrait of His Series on Beautiful British Women.



Sir John and Lady Lavery, Attending the National Beauty Contest in Which the Little Welsh Hairdresser, With the Ash-Gold Tresses, Took Part.

WHEN 16-year-old Marjorie Carlidge, an obscure worker in a beauty shop in Merthyr, Wales, received a letter from the British cap-

ital telling her that she had been chosen to represent Wales in an All-British later contest to pick the girl with the most beautiful head of hair, she was about the most surprised and happiest girl in the country.

She had heard of the contest, but she did not know that a friend had sent in her picture. Ever since she had been a little girl she wanted to dance on the stage and she thought that this might be her chance to attract the attention of some London producer.

A week later, as she stood on the brilliantly lighted stage of the huge Olympia with five other finalists in the contest, all her high hopes went glimmering when the committee of judges awarded the first-prize silver cup to someone else and did not even bestow the consolation of second place on the little girl from Wales.

She went back to Wales and her job of making other people beautiful feeling that she was just another too-hopeful, over-ambitious girl. And then came that thrilling letter—from no less a personage than the great Sir John

Lavery, famed the world over for his portraits of beautiful women. The letter said that he had seen her at the Olympia, that she was just the type of Welsh beauty he had been looking for for a long time and that, if she could come to London for a few days, he'd like to do a portrait of her.

Again Marjorie packed her bag and set out for London and the studio of the celebrated painter, whose desire to put her profile and her ash-blond head on canvas would put her more in the spotlight than the winning of a dozen beauty contests.

Miss Carlidge in Profile. It Was Her Delicate Coloring and Unusual Hair that Attracted the Interest of the Painter.

Sir John, whose portraits of titled and famous beauties grace many mansions and art galleries, said of his newest model: "She struck me as being a splendid Welsh type. There's something in the rare blue of her eyes that suggests the mist on the Welsh mountains—and I never have seen hair that is so fascinatingly ash-gold in color. I am honored to have this young woman pose for me."

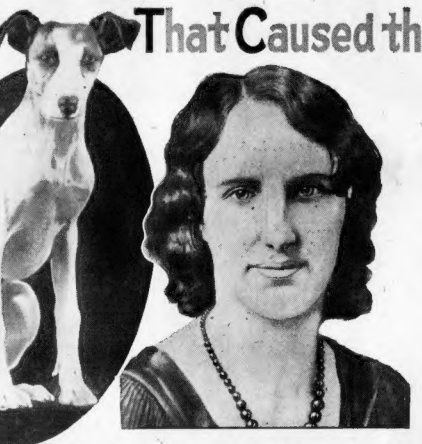
The Radio Program — That Caused the Dog to Bite Its Owner

A LITERAL interpretation of the old theatrical phrase "trying it out on the dog" might go a long way toward clarifying the ether if only some U. S. radio stations would try it—especially if Browne, the fox terrier belonging to Mrs. Mildred Fugit, of Wichita, Kansas, was the dog they tried it on. Browne takes his criticism of radio offerings seriously, so seriously in fact that he sent Mrs. Fugit to the hospital to have two deep gashes in her arm sewed up.

It all happened the other night in the Fugit living room. Mrs. Fugit was sitting near the radio. Her small son was sleeping nearby and Browne was snoring peacefully by the fireplace. It was a scene of domestic quiet and happiness.

Mrs. Fugit, growing weary of the soft, melodic throbbing of a jazz orchestra, twirled the radio dial, seeking livelier entertainment. A flare of sound poured out of the set as a strong Kansas station flooded the room with a harmonica program. The player was going strong on "The Wreck of the Old 97." Faster and faster the records rotated until the piece came to an end with a crash and a bang, and old 97 was laid to rest. Browne stirred uneasily. Plainly the piece was not to his liking. He lifted his head and stared reproachfully at Mrs. Fugit. He even lifted his voice in a low pleading howl. His criticism

was not appreciated. He was told to lie down and keep still. This Browne manfully strove to do. By enormous exertion of will power, he managed to keep to his rug, quivering while the harmonica player chopped down "the old pine tree" and paid a visit to "the little old church in the valley." But when he burst into the high piping strains of "Turkey in the Straw" it was too much for Browne. He leaped to his feet. He howled. He barked. He tore around the room like one possessed. Mrs. Fugit jumped up and opened the door, seeking to run him out. Browne made a dive for it, ripped her arm twice as he fled, and sought the fearful silence of the out-of-doors, where nothing but howling, snarling, barking and screeching have gotten into the wounds from the dog's teeth and that the gashes might leave unsightly scars if they were not promptly and expertly sewed up. Mrs. Fugit went to a hospital, angry all through at the seemingly uncalled-for



Mrs. Mildred Fugit, of Wichita, Kansas, and Her Dog Browne. The Little Pet was Temporarily Crazy by a Radio Program and Sir John Lavery, considering the Type of Music Involved, Promptly Forgave the Animal.

violence of her pet. But when she cooled off and had given the matter a little thought, she decided that the unfortunate incident was more her fault than Browne's.

The dog had made it plain to his mistress that the harmonica music was upsetting him, that it was rasping on his ears and his nerves. Before he had objected violently to the sounds that came out of the loud speaker he had moaned and howled and, in his dumb way, pleaded with Mrs. Fugit to stop the din. That she hadn't shown more regard for Browne's feelings in the matter was her own fault and, consequently, so were the wounds on her arm.

"When I thought the whole episode over," said Mrs. Fugit, "I decided not to punish Browne. He's as good-natured and affectionate a pet as anyone could have and there must have been something in that music that made him so acutely uncomfortable that he couldn't help going temporarily out of his head. Some of my neighbors thought that I should punish him, but I didn't. And I'll never incite him to violence again by turning on radio music that grates on him."

The discomfort that most dogs register to certain musical sounds is well known to people everywhere and not long ago the editors of the London Morning Post published a number of letters from people who reported the reaction of their pets to music and wondered why dogs were like that. One Mr. Trouton wrote: "It seems to me, after some observation of my own dog, that the reaction of the average dog to music is, more often than not, one of pain. The human ear is insensitive to frequencies above 20,000 cycles, but it is likely that dogs, with their keener hearing, get sounds—highly unpleasant sounds to them—that none of us can pick up with our ears and that these high-pitched sounds so affect the animal that they are driven to protest by howling, barking and, sometimes, biting.

"What the ear doesn't hear, the heart doesn't grieve over, is an old saying that probably has some bearing on the question of music and dogs. Fity the poor dog and don't compel him to listen to upsetting and probably discordant sounds that our inferior ears accept as music."

Clay Thomas, the well-known British baritone, added his bit to the interesting discussion by relating how his Airedale always howled when Mr. Thomas sang certain notes. It is Mr. Thomas's theory that certain instruments, sounds and musical notes hit the vital sound nerve of the delicate drums in the animal's ears and set up a vibration that all but drives the dogs to distraction. Certain of Mrs. Fugit's friends said, in their own way, that this was what "got into" Browne who, to their way of thinking, ought to be awarded a medal by the Carnegie Foundation for his good critical judgment of some of the so-called music that comes over the air.

Broken Dishes Make Artistic Mosaics for Border Patrol Quarters

DOWN by the Rio Grande—in Laredo, Texas, to be exact—there's a building the like of which is not to be found anywhere else in these United States. Inside and out, this building, which provides living quarters for Uncle Sam's alert Border Patrol, is a

spectacular example of what might be called modern Mexican mosaic work.

At the entrance of the structure, a stucco-tile hacienda appropriately done in the old Spanish manner, is an aquarium in which many little fish disport themselves. The cir-

cular wall which encloses the pool is as neat a job of the mosaic maker's art as anyone could ask for.

A close inspection of the pattern reveals, however, that the glass fragments set in the cement are not the usual bits of colored glass used in the creation of mosaics but that the artists whimsically did the job with broken plates, cups, saucers and assorted pieces of crockery.

The story is that the Mexican Indians who were working about the house when it was being built found a packing case of dishes that had suffered a severe bump in transit and that they saw the "mosaic possibilities" of this supply of seemingly useless chawncaw. The owner gave them permission to go ahead and liked the effect so well that he supplied them with enough broken dishes to carry out the artistic scheme all through the house, which he eventually leased to the Government as quarters for the Border Patrol.

The front door and the canopy over it are fashioned of jagged bits of table ware set in cement. The window frames are done in the same interesting way. Here and there are big bits of the same material.

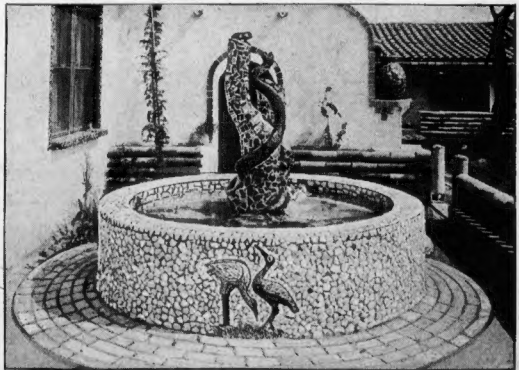
The prize exhibit of the Indians' skill, however, is found in what used to be the master's bedroom, a photograph of which appears at the left. Not only is the cement floor ornamented with the remnants of several complete dinner sets but the dais on which the bed sets and the head of the bed itself is done in the same unusual manner. The bathroom adjoining the chamber is in the same "broken plate" motif. The walls and the floor are like those in the chamber and even the tub is made of china-studded cement. In the room which is now used as the private office of the Chief Patrol Inspector, the ingenious mosaic makers gave their talents free play. Here, by carefully matching bits

of china of different colors, they covered one high and wide wall with a "glass painting" of a monkey treet by a dog. Tree, monkey and dog are all made out of what were once

perfectly good and practical dishes. Every year hundreds of tourists visit the headquarters of the Border Patrol to marvel at the artistic possibilities in ordinary china



The Colorful and Comfortable Bedroom, With the Bed Foundation and the Floor Finished Entirely in Broken China of Varying Hues.



The Attractive and Novel Aquarium, at the Border Patrol Station, Laredo, Texas, Made of Cement and Broken China.

Why Women Are Different From Men

Brain Smaller, But That Doesn't Mean Inferiority; Can't Usually Whistle Very Well, But That's Explained; Doesn't Throw a Stone Like a Man Because Her Arm Is Hung Differently; Not So Good With a Hammer and Nail—But With a Hairpin She's a Marvel



A Cave-Woman Mother of Prehistoric Times. And the Women of Today Still Do Many Things Which Have Come Down to Her as an Inheritance From Bygone Ages. (From Model in the Field Museum, Chicago.)

IT is a common assertion by poets, novelists and playwrights that "no man ever understood a woman." But science is slowly unraveling the mystery of womanhood, and is now able to answer a good many questions which used to puzzle everybody.

Why is the female of the human species smaller than the male—shorter in height and less in weight? Science knows the answer to this, and the reason is that she matures more quickly. Most organisms do not continue to grow after they reach maturity. Having attained maturity in fewer years than in man, she stops growing and so gains less in size and weight.

Why does a woman throw a ball or a stone very differently from a man? And here science also knows the answer. Her arm is not put on at the shoulder in quite the same way as a man's. And the muscular arrangement is somewhat different.

Watch a man throwing, and it will be seen that his arm is used somewhat in the manner of a whip-lash, discharging a projectile with a vigorous snap. A woman, on the other hand, uses a sort of over-hand heaving motion which is relatively weak. With such a movement it is very difficult to give accurate aim to the missile. She has never overcome the anatomical difficulty of the way her arm and shoulder muscles are arranged, probably because it has never been necessary for women to engage in war or hunting—her husband was the weapon-carrying animal.

Very few women have the power to whistle, while every small boy can whistle at an early age. And here, again, science has reasoned out the explanation. Whistling was developed by the male human being chiefly for use as a signal in hunting, which to primitive man is the principal means of living. Of late years women have taken to keeping dogs of their own, and through this circumstance they are learning to whistle pretty well.

Woman has never excelled man in running and jumping; and here, again, there is an anatomical reason. Women are too big in the hips, and otherwise are not adapted structurally for running and jumping. A woman who walks like a goddess will run like a hen. But when it comes to climbing, she can do that just as well as a man if she takes her skirts off.

Laboratory experiments have shown that the sensitiveness of touch of women often is more acute than that of men. In respect to some other senses, women exhibit superiority over men, perhaps owing to a higher development of the nervous system, which in the female compensates to some extent for her inferiority in muscular development. Science recognizes that women possess a peculiar form of perception which may be called the "mirror sense." They can see themselves without look-

Every Small Boy Whistles At an Early Age, But Few Women Learn to Whistle. At Any Age and Many of Them Make an Amazing Grin When They Try To.

ing in the glass. Furthermore, more thanks to inheritance from a line of grandmothers running back to remote antiquity, they are able, as one might say, to "see with the tips of their fingers." To them the sense of touch is almost a form of sight, actually superseding the latter under some circumstances.

A woman may almost be said to see with her hands. To the dry goods clerk she says, "Let me see that piece of goods;" but, when it is placed before her, she feels it with her fingers, hardly looking at it. She puts up her back hair, smoothly and beautifully, without seeing it at all—though when it is finished, she contemplates the result in a looking glass. No more man could accomplish such a feat, which may be said to illustrate the possession by the female of our species of a very peculiar faculty—a faculty that might appropriately be called the mirror sense as already mentioned. To a certain extent, apparently, a woman can see herself without looking in the glass.

Dr. Alex. Hrdlicka, physical anthropologist at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, has made a life-long study of the differences between the male and the female, and explains some very interesting facts not generally understood. He points out that the brain of an average man weighs three pounds, while the average woman's brain weighs five ounces less. But he insists that this does not imply a brain inferiority for women.

"The alleged inferiority of women in one respect and another has been much advertised, although truth to tell, far less within recent years than formerly," Dr. Hrdlicka said. "It has been declared that they lack the mechanical faculty, that they have no 'tool sense.' That notion is altogether mistaken. Women may lack facility in the employment of man's tools, but in the use of their own tools, the sewing machine for example, they possess a high degree of cleverness.

"On the other hand, a woman can use a bread knife much more expertly than a man. It is a special kind of knife, to the use of which she has become familiarly accustomed. Woman since family bread-cutting. "Right there the real point is illustrated. If a knife is a tool, then a woman is by no means lacking in tool sense, but the tools they know how to use are not man's tools. They have



Women Throw a Stone or a Ball Very Differently From the Way a Man Does. There is an Anatomical Reason for This. Her Arm Is Not Put On at the Shoulder in Quite the Same Way as a Man's, and the Muscular Arrangement Is Also Somewhat Different.

their own tools, and are incomparably more expert with them than men are. Consider the needle for example.

Woman through all the ages has stitched together garments for her man and her children. The mere girl of today who threads with such marvellous ease the needle that has an almost invisible eye is exercising a faculty which has been handed down to her through thousands of generations. She is the child of a long line of needlewomen running back to the Stone Age.

"To a man the whole art of pinning things is a mystery. Apparently there can be nothing to it beyond the insertion of the pin and the passing of it in and out of the pieces of fabric which are to be temporarily and mutually attached. Any one ought to be able to do that; and it is noticeable that the male person does the job in a careful and even scientific fashion which should represent the highest degree of effectiveness. But somehow it doesn't; the pin falls to hold.

"John, let me," says the man's wife. "She takes the same pin, and without seeming to make any use of the divine gift of reason, inserts it. She does not know how to use a pin-knife, always preferring to employ a pair of scissors for cutting. Only when compelled will she attempt any kind of carpentering. The drawing of a cork from a bottle is to her a difficult business; not, however, the pulling so much as the inserting of the corkscrew."

Women Have a Sense of Touch and Feeling Peculiar to Their Sex. This Is Shown Every Day in the Shops Where Women Ask to "See" Goods But Really Want to Feel Them.

to tobacco pipe of the inadequately appreciative husband or brother. But where is the man who is able to use it? In his strong fingers it is as useless as would be a sewing machine in the possession of a savage. To him even the art of pinning hair with it is a hopeless puzzle. Let him try, if wife or sister is willing to submit to the foolish experiment, and see what failure he makes of it. Though he may do his best, with an unlimited number of hairpins supplied, the locks will not properly hold together.

"One often sees a woman tie a knot in a thread with the fingers of one hand," Dr. Hrdlicka continued. "That the performance is in any way remarkable never occurs to her until some man comments with surprise upon the feat which she so unconsciously executes. 'Why, it is nothing.' She cannot remember the time when she could tie a knot with one hand. The thing to her is more instinctive."

"Speaking of knots, I have been told of an Eskimo woman who could tie in her mouth a short piece of string into a double bowknot, using for the purpose neither of her hands, but only her tongue. The tongue is an organ of touch more sensitive than the fingertips, and with aid she was able to wriggle the ends of the cord in and out until, when she took it from her lips, it was tied in perfect bow-knot shape.

"Women are originally the industrial sex. All through the history of mankind they have been conservers of the arts. They were the first tailors, the first cobblers, the first tanners, the first weavers, the first basket-makers, the first millers and the first farmers. To men there was nothing left to save the pursuits of war and the chase. At the present time women are producing great numbers of mechanical inventions, many of them highly valuable. Few women are able to whistle. If

they can do it at all, the attempt is usually feeble. Why should that be so? Presumably it is because in the past whistling has been considered hardly proper or becoming for a woman. One finds that idea reflected in the old, saying about whistling girls and a crowing hen. Whistling having been thus discouraged through no one knows how many generations, women have refrained from practicing the art, and their sex today has almost lost it.

"An odd thing to notice is that the average woman is not able to sharpen a leadpencil. This is an illustration of her inability to use a penknife expertly. I have seen a woman take a new leadpencil and sharpen it away in a vain effort to get a point on it, until nothing was left of it. It is a pity that somebody does not invent, for woman's benefit, an automatic knife-and-fork for carving; for the management of a carving knife is to her a hopeless puzzle. Once in a long while one sees a woman carve well, but it is a rare accomplishment among members of the gentler sex."

Nature apparently did not intend that woman should be physically a very active and strenuous creature. It is her business to make the home and look after the children. Hence it is not surprising to find that she lacks certain capacities that are highly developed in the male. Some others she has not, chiefly because she has never had occasion to cultivate them.

"Squeaking in a very rough way," said Dr. Hrdlicka, "we may describe the human brain as a cortex or rind of gray matter enveloping a whitish mass of nerve fibers. These fibers, extensions of which pass to all parts of the body, transmit energy from the brain and control all the physical activities, including the functioning of the vital organs."

"That being the case, it is obvious that the greater the size of the body, the greater the bulk of 'white matter' that is required for its control and management. In other words, the whitish fibrous core of the brain of a big human being should be larger than that of a small human being."

"A woman being a smaller organism than a man, she requires a smaller brain. That is to say, she needs a smaller device to operate her body machine. Of gray matter, which represents the mechanism of thought, she has as much as a man. The difference is only in the bulk of fibrous core tissue."

Women are superior to men as systematizers of detail. Through all history and prehistory the woman has been the one to whom the burden of order and her inherited faculty for order gives to many of them an extraordinary efficiency in secretarial work, as many a business or professional employer can testify.

Taking all considerations into view, it would be incorrect to say that the mind of the average woman is inferior



The Cave-Man Husband. Many of Whose Habits of Life and Thought Still Live Buried Deep in the Conscience of Modern Man. (From Model in the Field Museum, Chicago.)

to that of the average man. It is a different mind. Her thinking machine does not operate in quite the same fashion. Nevertheless, it is just as good a machine, working in its own way.

In each of the sexes there are variations, and the extremes of these variations overlap. Thus in men the range extends from the ultra-masculine to what we call the effeminate, the "Miss Nancy" kind of man, whose ways, habits of thought, and even type of body, approach the feminine. But the average man's mind is distinctly masculine; the average woman's is in correspondence with her sex, and the two are complementary in character.

Prehistoric mankind doubtless depended more upon subconscious thinking than we do. In this respect women even now look backward more than men. They rely to a greater extent upon what is called "intuition." Hyper-women are most given to that sort of unconscious reasoning, which is commonly based upon accumulated past experiences and emotions, rather than upon conscious judgment or logic.

Occasionally one meets a woman who seems actually to have a man's brain. Her modes of thought and reasoning suggest the masculine. Her very mannerisms are unfeminine; she is the opposite of the hyper-woman. She is confidently self-assertive and brusque. Her physique corresponds to her behavior. Men, usually, do not admire the type.

A woman's mentality is different from that of a man. The normal woman is a woman in every coil of her physical structure. Even her every brain cell is feminine. Her every thought, every feeling is feminine. For that reason her attempts to resemble man, and to imitate his ways, are distinctly masculine, are unwise.

Women often think more rapidly than men. Recent studies in psychological laboratories have proved this beyond any doubt. Women's perceptions are keener, and her thought processes are so much quicker, that a special faculty called "intuition"—a sort of second-sight of reason—has commonly been attributed to her.

But, as a matter of fact, according to the new psychological definition, intuition is nothing more nor less than an exceedingly rapid process of reasoning. One might say that a woman's intuition is not always correct, but the obvious reply is that the correct is true of the conclusions which a man reaches by his slower mental operations.

In childhood, the mind of a woman develops more rapidly than that of the boy, but it is claimed that he catches up with her and passes her at seven years of age. During all her life, however, she is much more keenly conscious than he of whatever is going on around her, and may be said to be in closer touch with her environment.

"Late Enureth"—Even Beyond the Grave

Revengeful Mr. Frazier, Fighting Eight Years of His Life to Tear His Daughter Away From Her Mother, Makes a Will That Prolongs the Struggle for Seven More Years—and Dies Happy, Possibly



Year After Year the Unfortunate Little Diana Was Pulled This Way and That by Father and Mother—and Now the Dead Hands of Her Father Still Grasp Her.

"LOVE," goes the old saying, "endureth—even beyond the grave."

But Mr. Frank Duff Frazier, the revengeful ex-husband of Mrs. Brenda Germaine Henshaw Williams-Taylor Frazier Watris, has rewritten it to read "Late endureth—even beyond the grave."

Readers of these pages have probably not forgotten the long and venomous battle between the divorced parents of the poor little rich girl, Diana Frazier. For nearly eight years Frank Duff Frazier, very wealthy New York society man, and his former wife, Mrs. Brenda Frazier Watris, of Long Island and Palm Beach, fought round after round in the courts, each to prove the other was not a fit person to have the custody of a little girl.

Each proved it so thoroughly about the other that at last the Florida Supreme Court, in disgust at the mud-slinging, told them that neither was really fit. That was nearly a year ago, and the pair was in training for another legal bout, when suddenly the mother heard what under all the circumstances she could have been excused for thinking was good news.

The long war was over, her ex-husband could never win complete custody of Diana, nor even enjoy the three months recently awarded him by the court—he was dead.

But any celebration was chilled by a hollow laugh from the tomb. Mr. Frazier had died from an operation, and for fear that this might happen he had drawn a new will only ten days before entering the hospital. When the will was read a voice from the grave announced that the war would go right on for at least seven years more. Dead, he threatened to be a more powerful adversary than when alive.

When the mother learned the significance of that document she realized that instead of an occasional round in court, sponsored by her own lawyers and with a judge to call time and see that no foul blows were struck, the battlefield had been transferred to her little daughter's heart and mind. Every waking hour of Diana's life the mother must struggle with this ghost from the next world.

Briefly, the will forces the eleven-year-old girl to decide between her mother and her father's fortune and a trust fund of millions left her by Frazier's mother, Diana's paternal grandmother. If she remains under her mother's care and influence, Diana will receive only \$100 a year, and the fortune that might be hers will go to Yale University.

"WHEREAS, it is my express wish and direction that my daughter, Diana, shall have as little to do as possible with her mother, my former wife, or my former wife's husband and family, and to that end I purport to restrict the payment of the balance of the net income earned by the capital of her trust created under the will of my mother, so as to prevent, if possible, the influence of and control by her husband and family, upon my daughter's character and upbringing."

"I DO THEREFORE WILL AND DIRECT that, so long as my daughter Diana (1) during the period of her education shall be educated and reared at a school in the United States, and (2) during the period of her education and during any and all other period or periods, shall not live with or have a common home with her mother, my former wife, her mother's husband or her mother's family, or shall not live in any place or home designed, selected or chosen, or by or pursuant to the direction, instruction or dictate, of her mother directly or indirectly, of my mother, my former wife, the balance of the net income earned by the capital

of the trust created by this article of my will shall be paid to my daughter Diana, or during her minority be applied for her use and benefit.

"PROVIDED, HOWEVER, that if during any such period or periods my said daughter shall be living with or have a common home with her mother, my former wife, her mother's husband or her mother's family, or shall be living in any home or place designated, selected or chosen by or pursuant to the direction, instruction or dictate, whether directly or indirectly, of her mother, my former wife, I direct my trustees to accumulate the interest, dividends, rents, income and profits earned by the capital of this trust during each and every of such period or periods and to add such accumulations to the capital of this trust to be held and disposed of and distributed under the provisions hereof relating to the final distribution of the capital of this trust. In the event that the foregoing provisions, or any part thereof, shall be held by any court or tribunal for any reason whatsoever to be illegal or invalid or that such accumulations so directed shall at any time or from time to time be held to be illegal or invalid, I direct my trustees to pay the accumulated income then in their hands and the balance of the net income accruing thereafter to YALE UNIVERSITY."

The more one considers the probable effects of this will the more ingenious its cruelty appears. Up to the time of Frazier's death the mother could calmly silence all questions in her daughter's mind by explaining that her father was a bad man and would be bad influence on a little girl. She had certainly brought enough evidence in court to justify such a statement. Incidentally, Mr. Frazier had said some unkind things about her, but still it might be the mother's honest opinion that she was the better of the two, and as there was little to choose between them, she would let the child decide for herself.

But now Mrs. Watris' grounds were fairly strong. The will provides that the other half of Frazier's estate go to Diana's step-mother, Marjorie A. Frazier. It names Mrs. Frazier as guardian of Diana, this despite the fact that it was testified in court that when Frazier asked little Diana to choose between him and her mother, she said that she thought her mother cared for her the best and that she didn't like her new step-mother. The Florida court ignored the will and appointed Mrs. Watris guardian.

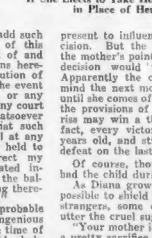
Those who knew Frazier well say that the child had a deep affection for him, but that she was childishly hurt by his re-marriage. At any rate, she has put on record a preference for living with the mother.

So, even if Mrs. Watris should consent to give up the child for whom she has fought for seven years, it seems likely that the unfortunate little heiress herself would dislike such an arrangement.

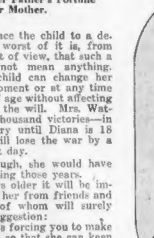
The Florida courts had awarded the mother nine months' custody and the



The Luxurious Palm Beach Home of Mrs. Watris Which Little Diana Loves But Cannot Enter Again If She Elects to Take Her Father's Fortune in Place of Her Mother.



Mrs. Frederick Watris, Former Wife of the Late Mr. Frank Duff Frazier, and Mother of Diana.



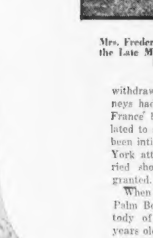
Little Miss Diana Frazier, \$5,000,000 Heiress, Who Has Been Pulled and Handed in the Courts in the Endless Squabble Between Her Father and Her Mother—and the Squabble Still Goes On Although the Father Has Died.



The Late Mr. Frank Frazier, Who in His Will Forces His Unfortunate Little Daughter to Choose Between Her Mother and His Riches.



Mrs. Watris, then Mrs. Frazier, filed suit in West Palm Beach, Fla., for divorce from Diana's father.



The grounds of the suit were decision. A previous suit filed in New York State, charging infidelity, was

present to influence the child to a decision. But the worst of it is, from the mother's point of view, that such a decision would not mean anything. Apparently the child can change her mind the next moment or at any time until she comes of age without affecting the provisions of the will. Mr. Watris may win a thousand victories—in fact, every victory until Diana is 18 years old, and still lose the war by a defeat on the last day.

Of course, though, she would have had the child during those years. As Diana grows older it will be impossible to shield her from friends and strangers, some of whom will surely utter the cruel suggestion:

"Your mother is forcing you to make a pretty sacrifice, so that she can keep you with her."

Just how much Mr. Frazier's fortune amounted to is not yet clear, the estimates running from some hundreds of thousands into several millions. But the will also attempts to dispose in the same way of a trust left Diana by his mother, Clara Duff Frazier. This is now said to be about \$4,000,000. Whether Frazier had the right to so dispose of this trust fund is one of the questions which will be without doubt bitterly fought out in the courts.

The will provides that the other half of Frazier's estate go to Diana's step-mother, Marjorie A. Frazier. It names Mrs. Frazier as guardian of Diana, this despite the fact that it was testified in court that when Frazier asked little Diana to choose between him and her mother, she said that she thought her mother cared for her the best and that she didn't like her new step-mother. The Florida court ignored the will and appointed Mrs. Watris guardian.

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So, even if Mrs. Watris should consent to give up the child for whom she has fought for seven years, it seems likely that the unfortunate little heiress herself would dislike such an arrangement.

The Florida courts had awarded the mother nine months' custody and the

father three, but before Frazier's time came he was dead. If the mother follows that decision, will it automatically cause the child to lose the interest on the fortune until such time as she decides for herself, or will she receive three-twelfths of the income and Yale University the rest?

An innocent girl of such tender years cannot understand, even if she were permitted to know the dreadful things her parents said about each other in court. Nor is she sufficiently mature to realize the value of money and weigh it against the things testified, even if she were told them and could comprehend their meaning.

On the other hand, how can a judge decide which is better for a child, the money or the influence of the mother—no matter what Frazier alleged concerning her?

Mrs. Watris is further embarrassed by the senseless but general belief that one must not speak ill of the dead. Yet she must speak ill of the dead to defend herself against the will of her

dead ex-husband. There is the possibility that the will may be broken. Yet it was drawn by the best available legal talent and it will be the duty of Yale University to defend it in the interest of future generations of college boys.

Furthermore, Mr. Frazier's widow, who loyally supported him in his fight for the child, receives the other half of the fortune and may be relied upon to defend the will with equal vigor. Lawyers on both sides are shaking their heads, at a loss to forecast how the courts will rule on all the fine points which will surely come up for decision in this unusual case.

To get a perspective on the present tangle it is necessary to go back seven years, when Diana was only four, and Mrs. Watris, then Mrs. Frazier, filed suit in West Palm Beach, Fla., for divorce from Diana's father.

The grounds of the suit were decision. A previous suit filed in New York State, charging infidelity, was

withdrawn after Mrs. Frazier's attorneys had perused evidence dug up in France by Frazier's detectives, calculated to show that Diana's mother had been intimate with F. N. Watris, New York attorney, whom the latter married shortly after the divorce was granted.

When the decree was given in West Palm Beach, the mother received custody of Diana, who was then four years old, for five months of the year. The other seven months the child was to spend with her father and her grandmother, the wealthy Mrs. Clara Duff Frazier.

Shortly thereafter the grandmother died, leaving something like \$7,000,000 to the child in trust. Immediately Diana's mother, who meanwhile had become Mrs. Watris, appealed to the court, asking for sole custody of Diana on the ground that Frazier's character rendered him unfit to bring up a young girl.

And so began seven years of litigation, in which millions of words of testimony were taken in many parts of the world, and appendages cast on the character of both Diana's parents, of her new stepfather, of her dead grandmother, and, toward the end, of Frazier's new wife, Marjorie Affleck Frazier, whom he married at least partly so that he, too, could offer the child a home and a mother's care—or so his testimony before the court indicates.

Judge C. E. Chillingworth, in charge of the case, finally called in the child, who declared she preferred her real mamma to her new step-mother.

Finally the Florida Supreme Court ordered that Frazier be given the custody of Diana for three months each year, the mother to have her the rest of the time. That order had not yet been acted upon at the time of Frazier's death. Faced with that will, nobody knows what will now happen.

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Another Surprising Error of the Learned Art Experts

Eight Pictures in the Vatican Gallery Credited Beyond

Question to the Great Paolo Veronese, Now Proved by a Scientist That They Could Not Have Been Painted by Him, Because They Each Show a Telescope--- Which Was Not Invented Until 1609, Twenty-One Years After His Death



Painting of the Moon in the Vatican Gallery Ascribed to Paolo Veronese, Showing a Telescope in Its Primitive Form Invented in 1609, Twenty-One Years After the Supposed Artist Died. The Painting, Moreover, Shows "The Crater of Tycho" and the Various "Seas" of the Moon Which Were Not Known to Anybody in Veronese's Lifetime.

ANOTHER instance of the unreliability of the most distinguished art experts in fixing the authenticity of old pictures has just come to light.

Eight ancient paintings now in the Vatican Gallery were credited by the experts to the great Paolo Veronese, the illustrious master of the Venetian school. Their verdict was accepted with profound respect by everybody until an astronomer looked at the pictures and saw at once that they could not have been the work of Veronese, because they displayed a telescope which was not invented until twenty-one years after the death of that artist, and various other astronomical details such as the "seas" and "craters" on the moon, Saturn's ring, the satellites of Jupiter and the phases of Venus, which were not discovered until the telescope was directed upon them.

The pictures were studied at great length by Bernhard Berenson, the noted art expert and specialist on Old Masters, and others of similar authority, and solemnly credited by them to Veronese. With all their skill and knowledge, it is surprising that these experts did not know the date of the invention of the telescope and a few outstanding discoveries in astronomy, and that they occurred after Veronese's death.

If the telescope had been an unimportant detail of the painting, the experts' oversight might be more excusable, but it seems incredible that they did not see at once that these pictures were painted expressly to show how the heavenly bodies looked through the recently invented telescope, and that they did not find out—if they did not know—when that important instrument was invented.

The pictures were formerly in the Pope's Summer villa, Castel Gandolfo, about twenty-five miles from Vatican City, where they were not on exhibition to the public and nobody troubled to decide who painted them. Two years ago when the Vatican Gallery was enlarged, they were brought there, as the Pope believed they would be an interesting addition.

They were minutely examined by the Vatican art critics, and the distinguished Mr. Berenson came specially from Germany to study them. The experts used their lenses, their scalpels, and the other instruments of their exalted calling upon the canvases after many consultations and analyses. It was agreed by them that the pictures were the work of Veronese, who was born in 1528 and died in 1588. An official statement says that the experts' decision was made as a matter of "aesthetic judgment, based on examination of composition and the manner in which the painting was made."

The great name of Veronese was placed on the name-plate under the pictures, and then it remained recently, when Professor Pio Emswili, an assistant astronomer in the Vatican Astronomical Observatory, happened to look at the paintings and became interested in them because of the astronomical subjects represented.

After a very brief examination, he told the Vatican art authorities that they could not have been painted by Veronese for the reasons already outlined. The telescope, which appears in all of them, except one, was discovered by Galileo in 1609, while Veronese died in 1588, or as a few authorities say, in 1590 at the latest.

Standing before the pictures in the new Vatican Gallery, Professor Emswili explained his discoveries to the

president of the American Weekly. "As you see," said the Professor, "the eight pictures represent the sun, the moon, Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Venus and a comet. In all of them except one we see the telescope, a slender tube of brass richly decorated, operated by hand. In some of the pictures the telescope is mounted on a tripod and equipped with a quadrant device to measure the inclination of the telescope on the horizon. In the picture of Saturn there are two telescopes, one on a tripod and one in the hands of the observer.



The Painting of Saturn Ascribed to Veronese in the Vatican Featuring the Planet's Ring, the Discovery of Which Was One of the Most Noted Facts in the History of Astronomy and Did Not Occur Until Long After the Artist's Death.

"The persons in the picture are generally occupied with some sheets of paper on which astronomical drawings are discernible and on which they are entering their observations.

"It is a striking peculiarity of the pictures that the planets in the sky are enormously out of proportion, while all the rest of the work is in natural proportion. But this is intentional. The planets are reproduced not as seen by the human eye, but as seen through a telescope. Only in the last picture, that of the comet, is everything painted as the human eye sees it, and it is significant to note that in this picture we cannot see any telescope.

"The picture of the moon is one of the finest of the series, for the period when the picture must have been painted, that is to say, considerably after the death of Veronese, there were quite good charts of the moon and in this particular picture we can see the striking contour of the crater of Tycho, that of Copernicus, the various 'seas,' etc.

"In the picture of Mercury, we may note that it is in a phase exactly as it is seen through the telescope, which in this instance is mounted on a quadrant. "In the picture of Saturn, the artist was somewhat wobbly in his work. The rings around the planet are not so well drawn and their size is out of proportion to the planet itself. However, the important fact is that it shows the ring, which was only discovered by Huygens in 1656, sixty-eight years after Veronese's death.

"In this picture we find a well painted warrior whom we might have expected to see in the painting of Mars. But if

we examine it more closely, he appears to be not really a warrior but a hunter, because although he wears a breast-plate there is a dog at his side ready to run after game. He is a person of high social position for his dog is held by a negro boy.

"The picture of Jupiter immediately seizes the attention by its interesting astronomical features. It shows three of the four satellites that revolve around this planet, and whose discovery was one of the most illustrious achievements of Galileo. Jupiter has seven moons, but four of them are of exceptional size. Only three can be shown because the fourth is behind the planet. On the surface of Jupiter we can distinguish the 'red spot' discovered by Giovanni Domenico Cassini in 1664.

"In the picture of the sun is a curious error which some restorers apparently made after it was painted. The sun appears without any spots. As originally painted, I feel certain the artist placed spots on the sun. This is supported by the fact that at the head of the telescope is a young man who has in his hand a sheet of paper on which he intends to gather an impression of the sun through the telescope. This is the classical manner of observing sun-spots. Some restorer not familiar with astronomy, finding these



The Picture of Jupiter in the Vatican Series Exhibiting the Famous Hands and "Red Spot" on the Surface of the Planet, Which Could Not Have Been Known in the Artist's Lifetime, and Also a Telescope Which Was Not Invented Until After Veronese's Death.

sun-spots, thought they were due to old age and dirt, and cleared them away.

"The picture of Venus is very impressive. Here we see this beautiful planet in its first phase, as it would have been viewed through the early telescope. The phases of Venus were first observed by Galileo in 1610 and 1611. In the foreground of the picture is the figure of a dreaming young girl who contemplates the planet with the romantic reputation."

When the absolute facts were presented with scientific precision by the Vatican astronomer, the various art critics and experts who had agreed on Veronese as the painter of the eight pictures were compelled to change their minds. They resorted once more to intensive research and produced another artist's name. This was Filippo Lauri, a Roman painter (born 1623, died 1694) who painted a number of works which are found in nearly all the Roman galleries. His pictures are full of fantasy and imagination and seem

close in style and conception to the eight pictures in the Vatican Gallery.

But after this, another controversy arose among the art experts, and some of them decided that the style was not that of Lauri. This time they decided that the artist was Donati Creti, who lived from 1671 to 1749. And the pictures now bear his name on the plate beneath them.

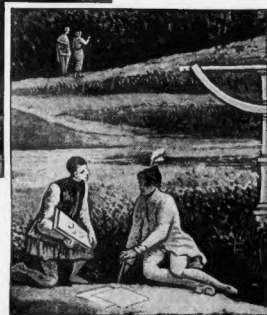
The authorities of the Vatican Gallery are generally satisfied with this latest choice. They believe that it offers some excuse for the previous attribution of the pictures to Veronese. Creti is known to have copied many of Veronese's paintings and to have become familiar with his technique and characteristics, which he was able to use with convincing effect in his own works.

Creti was born in Cremona and died in Bologna. He was an industrious painter and left many works distributed throughout Italy. It is important to note that Creti made paintings to the order of Cardinal Lambertini, who afterwards became Pope Benedict XIV, and who was probably responsible for ordering the eight pictures found at Castel Gandolfo. This Pope was interested in the then recent astronomical discoveries and wished to have an artistic record of them.

Creti later went to Spain where he painted a series of dramatic scenes from the life of Alexander the Great in the Palace of Granja. He was also the author of the painted frescoes in the famous Sanctuary of the Madonna of St. Luca at Bologna. Below one of these frescoes he left the pathetic words:

"Painted by Donati at 71 years, after he had lived always in sickness and lost sleep for 36 continuous years, for which reason he was driven to delirium and could rest neither day nor night. O, kindly observer, think of him and pity him!"

Professor Emswili has remained discreetly aloof from the discussion which followed his demonstration of the absurdity of crediting the works to Veronese. He had done his scientific duty and it was not for him to say who painted the pictures, provided the experts chose an artist who lived after the telescope was invented.



Detail of the Picture of Mercury in the Vatican, Revealing the Quadrant of a Telescope (Not Yet Invented) on the Right and Two Astronomers Discussing Their Observations of the Planet.

Chicago's Versatile Child Prodigy

Six-Year-Old Joan Bishop's Father, Mother and the Neighbors Can't Make Up Their Minds Whether to Train the Precocious Youngster to Be a Pianist, an Opera Singer, a Composer or Impersonator—Unusual Talent in Each

When Six Months Old, the Young Lady Had Almost a Monthful of Teeth—This Was the First Sign of Her Precociousness Which Attracted Attention.

"YOU can't holler a lullaby and put a baby to sleep." This sensible remark was made by the then five-year-old Joan Bishop of Oak Park, near Chicago, Ill., child prodigy, who has as many talents as she is years old, when urged by sponsors of a musical program to "sing louder, please."

Joan, who became six last December, was considering on this particular occasion Brahms' "Lullaby" in her least belated manner before a capacity house at Oak Park's Town Hall—her own recital—when she was hissed at from the wings to let her voice out.

The little girl stopped her song as a prima donna might, turned in the direction of the wings and uttered the saying that is now famous in Oak Park, the fashionable suburb of Chicago. Because she was singing through the "mike," at the same time accompanying herself on the piano, the audience plainly heard her retort, even though they might have had to strain their ears to hear the song—and they roared in approval.

When the laughter subsided little Joan calmly finished her lullaby in the same soft voice and waited for the applause. She got it in thunderous waves. Joan's first musical recital was given after four months' practice on the piano and three months of voice. Her instructor in both says that in her years of teaching she has never had a pupil so apt and talented as little Joan, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Bishop, of No. 725 N. Central Ave., Oak Park.

At her recital Joan played ten pieces, including the Brahms number. She finished her program with an intricate toe dance, at the end of which she sang louder—because it wasn't a lullaby—the song, "In the Heart of a Rose."

At six, the compositions of Beethoven, Liszt and Brahms are familiar to her fingers despite the fact she has difficulty in stretching her tiny hands to play the chords. And the slipper piano bench the better it is for Joan, who is so small she cannot reach the extremes of the piano without sliding. The little girl laughs heartily when her mother suggests she strap a pair of roller-skates on herself for the pieces of wide range on the keyboard.

Not only can Joan play some fifty numbers on the piano but she also composes and transcribes music. Transposing from one key to another the child does with the ease of an accomplished musician. She is able to define all the musical scales in their technical terms and then proves she knows what she is saying by showing them on the piano.

Any normal parent would burst with pride to have a child who could play and sing as well as little Joan. But the trouble is that the precocious child has additional talents as fully developed as those mentioned and thus her parents are perplexed to decide as to which one they shall fix upon to develop for a promising career.

Joan taps and toe dances like a veteran musical comedy queen, even to doing difficult "wings," a step that nearly always gets a "hand" in a professional show. At the age of three and one half Joan could "stand on her toes" and at four she had mastered many of the fundamentals of toe dancing.

At four, her dancing teacher describes her little pupil as having in her toe technique perfect back bend, arch, and knees as straight as a die. At four



Her Short Chubby Arms and Small Fingers Require Her to Slide Back and Forth on a Slippery Piano Bench So That She Can Cover the Keyboard and Play Her Own Ambitious Compositions and Heavy Classical Pieces of Music.



Miss Joan Bishop at the Piano Extensiozizing.

and a half Joan was mastering the waltz clog which, her teacher says, is rarely taught beginners and is one of the intricate steps that stimulate applause on the professional stage.

From five to six, the little star pupil was doing the "clog" expertly and could change from it to tap toe work and back bends with easy precision. Also she was doing "wings" as it is called in dancing circles, without faking any of the double steps executed in the air.

Unlike parents of just ordinary children who learn no more than they should for their years, Joan's mother and father spend half their time working along these problems:

"Is it wise for them to permit Joan's appearance in public at such a tender age? Might she not exert her voice too much and ruin it for a possible operatic career?"

"Should they let her continue in her dancing when she has an equal talent for monologue and impersonations? Wouldn't it be less strain on the child's health and strength to abandon the long, tedious training for both singing and dancing and let Joan become the world's greatest impersonator and monologue artist—which are among her varied talents?"

Again, wouldn't it be wise to abandon all of these talents for that of a pianist? Yet, while a pianist is important and a money maker, there is not as great or lasting fame as that of a good composer.

The child's mother explained the family perplexity as to which one of little Joan's talents should be seized upon to develop to the fullest:

"Personally, I would like her to specialize in piano, but Mr. Bishop thinks he wants her to make the most of her talent for dancing, and Joan herself longs to be an opera star, while the neighbors advise us to forget all these things and bring up Joan for a career of impersonation. You see, they get a 'kick' out of her mimickings."

Joan's talent for mimicry began at the age of one and a half when she could "moo" like a cow, laugh like a horse, squeal like a pig and bark like a dog. All of which may sound incredible. But when one hears that these things and bring up Joan for a career of impersonation, you see, they get a 'kick' out of her mimickings."

When the girl was taken to her first opera, "Aida," at the age of five, Mrs. Bishop did not get her reaction until several days after when she was preparing her daughter for a dancing lesson. Removing Joan's dress, Mrs. Bishop's startled gaze rested upon an enormous buckle set with brilliant stones and tied around the girl's bloomers at the stomach with a ribbon.

"What in heaven's name are you doing with this?" the mother fairly shrieked.

"Well, if I'm going to be an opera star," the child answered calmly, "I've got to start dressing like one."

The dazed mother took several minutes to figure out a connection and then she recalled that Rosa Raisa wore a "stomacher" in one scene of brilliant jewels. Joan's "stomacher" was removed, however, before she took her place at the dance hall. Mrs. Bishop recognized the buckle as a wedding gift long discarded.

A week later Joan grew talkative for the first time about her first opera. This, it will be remembered, was at the age of five when most youngsters would have forgotten the seat right from under them, wailed, or caused

Photograph of the Child at Her Desk, Where She Composes Music and Writes Essays.

such a commotion that there would have been no peace for anyone about. She told her parent that she had given the matter careful thought and had come to the conclusion that she should, after all, be an opera star. Dancing was a very fine way to earn a living, but opera singing seemed fancier, "and" she added slyly, "you could wear such pretty jewels around your stomach."

She liked the way an opera star moved about the stage, the way she could stand in the center of the stage and have a whole army of singers in back of her—everyone singing in different voices without one making a mistake. She thought the people who went to the opera were "fancier" looking than those attending a musical and she liked the white gloves the women wore and the polite way they applauded the singing.

She liked the way the singers held hands after each act to take their bows. It looked just like they were about to play "ring-around-the-rosie." It would be fun to think they really might sometime. When she became an opera star she'd start the circle going. Each one could take a bow when she got near the audience. Wouldn't it be fun!

Yes, she guessed she'd be an opera star. You became plumper, but no one seemed to think anything of it. They clapped just the same. And she liked to eat!

At eight months Joan spoke words like "daddy," "mama," "baby," etc. At two the little girl could perform an introduction between two people and accomplish it with correctness and grace, her mother says. Her two teeth at four months had become a mouthful at eight. The attending physician at eight months who had not seen Joan at four gazed in wonder at the little girl's toothsome smile, shook his head and said: "Two teeth would have satisfied."

At two, Joan could sing "School Days" in tune while she charmed the song on the piano. She also sang



Now Joan at the Age of Five Doing a Ballet Valse.

now her mother finds her pondering over magazine material. She frequently calls her parents for the meaning and pronunciation of words in magazines, but once she is told never forgets.

She knows the multiplication tables through the 12's and does long division. What may make educators of the young is how little Joan managed to follow out any system in learning reading, writing and arithmetic without a tutor. Her parents insist they only help her when she refers to them. Usually, they say, she seems assistance and demands the freedom and initiative to ponder over things herself.

Since she was three, it was learned, Joan has been getting the lessons from older playmates as outlined by instructors. She has been eager for every crumb of knowledge and never forgets a fact once she has been told.

At every opportunity Joan has been discovering the textbooks of her little neighbors and works as a true researcher for knowledge in her tiny study off her bedroom. As late as ten o'clock at night, her mother says, the little student is poring over books, globes, etc. Again, she has come upon Joan giggling over a capital letter has no one of anyone from a neighbor to a comestrip character.

But a prodigy, Joan's parents have discovered, is a great help in the family and at times Joan does all of her mother's telephone numbers in her head. So are those of her mother's close friends. A telephone directory is the least used book in the house, according to Mrs. Bishop.

Again, because of the child's clever talent for mimicry, Mrs. Bishop says she finds herself in more than embarrassing situations.

She has discovered she is supposed to have said this and that thing to her friends. When, in reality Joan was having a "chat" with Mrs. Clark.

When confronted with the duplicity, Joan has answered: "Well, mama, your voice is so easy to copy because you sing-song into the phone."

There was the day that Mrs. Bishop met one of her dearest woman friends on the street. "It'll never get over Mrs. Clark saying I'm a little bit fat," she mused the friend indignantly. The nerve of her to tell you that, too."

"Why, I haven't talked with Mrs. Clark," replied Mrs. Bishop dazedly. "Why, Irene," was the friend's retort. "You phoned me yesterday that she said I was forty. How can you say such a thing?"

Mrs. Bishop went home with a gleam in her eye and for one of the few times in her life little Joan got a sound spanking.

Why No Prison Can Ever



Mary Estelle, the Notorious American Adventuress, Who Was Reported as "Lady Robin," Got Into Jail, Sawed Her Way Out Again and Left a Flippant Note on Her Departure.

RUTH JUDD, the Arizona "Tigress," just before her reprieve from execution for the "trunk murder" of Agnes Le Roi, was observed to have raw and bleeding fingers as somebody looked into her cell. Someone had provided her with saws, and she had nearly sawed her way out of prison—but not quite.

"Dynamite Mike" Miller, payroll robber, managed to escape from Sing Sing Prison a few months ago by hiding in a garbage barrel. He sawed the bottoms from five barrels, which he telescoped into a sixth barrel, which had a sound bottom. The driver of the ash truck picked up the barrel and dumped it near Tarrytown—and as darkness covered the dump Miller emerged and disappeared. This was an ingenious and successful escape from one of the most scientifically and thoroughly guarded big prisons in the world. Miller had devised a scheme for escape which nobody had thought of.

And the countryside for hundreds of miles around in Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma will not soon forget the exploit of eleven convicted murderers and bank robbers who slipped over the wall and out of the State Penitentiary at Lansing, Kansas, last May, taking along with them the warden of the prison and two guards.

The prisoners were enjoying themselves watching a ball game on the prison diamond that afternoon. While everybody was watching a home run, one of the murder convicts stepped up beside the warden, pinned his arms behind his back and pressed a revolver against his ribs. At this signal the others in the plot sprang into action, overpowered the unarmed guards, and at the point of their pistols marched their captives to the wall, where they produced a rope ladder they had made in the prison twine shop. Grappling hooks at the end of the ladder were fastened to the top of the prison wall, and as the tower guard on the wall aimed his rifle the leader of the prisoners put a revolver to the warden's head, announcing that he would kill the warden if the guard fired. And so the euthrota escape, and for many days terrorized the dwellers along the public highways.

When the poet Lovelace wrote "Stone walls do not a prison make," he was absolutely correct, and the most ingenious devices of man have not succeeded in building a prison from which it is impossible to escape. Even the death house at Sing Sing, which is a prison within a prison, the "unbreakable" Clinton Prison at Dannemora, New York, and the triple-locked cage-within-a-cage system of the most modern penitentiary is not certain to hold a prisoner who has the patience, the ingenuity and the determination to get out.

One weak spot in all prisons is the possibility of bribing the attendant. A few weeks ago "Red" McCormick, a notorious killer and desperado, almost walked out of Raymond Street Jail in Brooklyn. A demure little woman who called herself McCormick's wife found no difficulty in being admitted to the jail after visitors' hours when it was closed for the night. Not only did the woman get in to see the desperado, but she brought him a loaded pistol and two bottles of chloroform. She has declared that she paid a keeper at the door \$5 for this privilege, which by a mere accident did not result in the escape

Photograph of the Big Hall Gate Railroad Bridge, the Points A and B Indicating the 20-Inch Manholes in the Square Girders Through Which the Lunatics Had Been Escaping from the Insane Asylum.



Recent Astonishing Escapes From the Newest Modern Jails, Where Architecture and Science Have Done Their Utmost, Reveal the Startling Discovery That Stone Walls, Steel Bars and Trip

When the Police Arrested Henry Hall, the Circus Giant and Strong Man, They Overlooked the Fact That His Specially Wax Twisting Iron Bars. So Henry Applied His Own Professional Talent to the Window of His Cell and Was Soon a Free Man Again. These Pictures Show a Circus Strongman Doing His Specialty Act and Also the Bars of the Cell Window Henry Tore Open.



Photo 1904.

of McCormick. Another keeper happened along and McCormick, finding his escape blocked, killed the keeper and then killed himself. So small a matter as a \$5 bill almost opened the doors of Raymond Street Jail to a notorious convict.

Architects have tried to design stone buildings and masonry walls, and scientists have done their utmost to apply steel bars and complicated locks which shall be escape proof, but the recently constructed, new, scientific, "escape-proof" cell block at Sing Sing Prison, New York, was emptied of two long-term convicts the other day to the utter astonishment of the prison authorities.

Two dangerous robbers managed to supply themselves with steel saws and cut the bottoms of the bars of their cell doors. They slipped into the gallery, leaving in their bunks dummies made of bedding so that the passing guard would not discover the empty cots. Then the convicts traveled up to the fifth tier and hid themselves on top of the cells until they saw an opportunity to creep down to the third tier and open a heavy iron door that led into the dining room. Passing out of the dining room, they came into the prison yard, climbed over the high stone wall—and disappeared.

All this was accomplished although every portion of the prison is supposed to be patrolled by watchful wardens night and day and armed sentinels with electric spotlights guard all the walls. No prison ever devised has been escape proof, or probably ever will be. The most skillful safety devices may be completely upset by the dishonesty of the prison wardens.

One man, in Germany, actually chewed his way out of prison. Another, in the United States, simulated death so successfully that he was taken out of prison as a corpse, was interred in a tomb and "resurrected" through the kind efforts of a friend. Scores of convicts have had themselves nailed up in gondolas so that they would be shipped out to freedom from prison

workshops, and one man tied himself with wire underneath the chassis of an automobile, which carried him through the gates.

This episode and some other interesting exploits of convicts are told in a book, "You Can Escape," by Edward H. Smith, published by the Macmillan Company.

The exploit that has long remained the "classic" among American prison escapes was the break from the death house at Sing Sing of two unrepentant killers, Thomas Pallister and Frank W. Roehl, on the night of April 20, 1893.

Pallister, condemned to die for the murder of a New York policeman, had boasted that he would never go to the electric chair, but Roehl, who occupied the cell adjoining Pallister's in the death house, was docile and gave his keepers no cause for concern. In some manner the two men communicated with each other and planned their escape. A guard was kept inside the death house all day, and two at night, beginning at nine o'clock. Late in the afternoon of a stormy April day, Roehl complained to the guard that he was ill and refused supper, lying curled up in a knot on his cot. He felt better a little later, he said, and asked for a cup of milk and some bread. When the keeper entered the cell with a tray, Roehl attacked him, forcing him outside and against the bars of Pallister's cell, and Pallister clutched the keeper's arms and held them while Roehl took his revolver and keys.

Threatening the keeper with death if he called to the prison patrol for help, Pallister and Roehl locked him in a cell and looked about for tools with which to break out of the death house. They procured a stout iron poker and a heavy fire shovel and attacked the barred windows, but could make no progress that way. Then they gave their attention to the roof of the death house, which was strongly built of metal and plaster. Their blows were not heard because of the storm.

They continued battering on the ceiling until they had pried loose the steel plates and made a hole in it. They escaped over the roof and scaled the prison wall. In the course of a few weeks, however, both their bodies were found floating in the river—and both, mysteriously enough, had been shot to death. The keeper's pistol was still in Pallister's pocket, with no shells discharged. The manner of their death still remains a mystery. The most acceptable theory is that they attempted to board a sloop anchored in the river and were fired upon as trespassers, though nothing was ever heard from the occupants of the boat afterwards.

A more fantastic story of deliverance from

prison is that of Clarence Adams, respectable Vermont landed proprietor, library trustee and student of the occult, who led a double life for fifteen years, then was unmasked as a "thrill" burglar and gave his amazed community a still greater shock after he was imprisoned by escaping from the penitentiary as a "dead" man. The town of Windsor, Vermont, where Adams was active in civic life, had been mystified for years by a series of burglaries ingeniously perpetrated in which the thief left no clues. In the end, however, he was wounded by a spring gun which had been set by an irate storekeeper, was arrested and confessed.

No sooner had he been sent to the penitentiary than Adams began plotting his escape. In this he was believed to have had the connivance of a prison doctor, a trusty who was permitted to serve in the hospital, subject to the direction of an outside practitioner who called at regular intervals. Adams, a student of hypnotism among other occult subjects, practiced self-hypnosis until he was able actually to induce a state of suspended animation in himself, a hypnotic sleep so deep that it resembled death. In this condition the heart action and respiration of a person are so lessened that to a layman the hypnotized subject actually appears to be dead. Later, however, the hypnotic sleep passes into a natural slumber and the subject wakes up within twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

Adams, feigned illness, pretending he had a bad cold. Others in the prison hospital with him thought he was crazy. He appeared to rave in delirium and his condition apparently grew worse. Within a few days he "died." The prison doctor signed a certificate of death from pneumonia, which the supervising doctor approved without troubling to view the body.

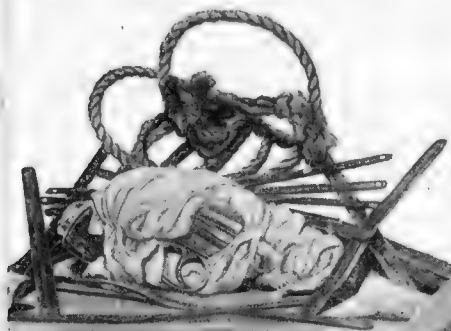
Adams had made a will directing that one William Dunn be permitted to dispose of his body, and this man, evidently a former confederate of Adams, called for the "remains." Interment was officially made on February 27, 1904, in a vault of a cemetery twenty-five miles from Adams' old home near Chester, Vermont, and nobody grieved for the dead burglar.

Not two months afterwards, however, the community of Chester was startled by the story of a traveling man, returning from Canada, who declared he had seen and talked to Adams in Nova Scotia, and that Adams had gayly remarked he was coming back one of these days to give Chester "something worth while talking about." So great was the sensation which this news aroused that the cemetery vault was opened. There was in truth a body in Adams' casket, but decomposition had set in and it was impossible to identify the corpse definitely as

Photograph of the Dummy Which Burglar Peterson Made Out of Lime and Ashes, Then Fixed Radio Head 'Phones to Its Ears and Slipped Out of His Cell.



Be Made Escape-Proof



Popular Jail-Break Outfit, Consisting of Pistol, Saw and a Rope. This Photograph Was Taken After the Escape of Herbert Wilson, former Clergyman and Confessed Mail Robber, and Includes Some of the Scaled State Prison Loose by the Escaping Prisoner.

le Locks Can Be Overcome by the Patience and Resourcefulness of Prisoners

that of Adams. The sexton quickly reentered it, this time in the earth, and rumors for a while were stilled, but a few months later the mysterious Adams was again reported in Canada.

There are Vermonters who declare today that Clarence Adams is still alive somewhere in the West, and that the body interred as his was really a cadaver procured in some manner from a medical college.

Another prison escape performed by methods as scientific, if not quite so melodramatic, was that of R. Irving Latimer, a weak and gentle young druggist who had killed his mother, it was alleged, to get her life insurance. The crime was committed in Michigan, where there was no death penalty, and Latimer was committed to State prison at Jackson for life.

He became a trusty, obtained permission to run a little drug store in the prison, selling patent medicines and other supplies to the inmates. He made friends particularly of an inside keeper in his cell block, and an outside keeper who had keys to the outer doors and prison gate. For a long time he made them gifts, mixed soft drinks for them, and he was so persuasive and affable that they trusted him fully. They accepted his invitation for little midnight suppers in the guard room of the cell block, and one stormy night—such weather being always chosen as the zero hour for escape—he served them "emonade poisoned with cyanide of potassium and nitroglycerine. They both fell insensible, he stole their keys and let himself out of the penitentiary. One died.

A few days later he was recaptured. He was already under life sentence, and under the State law no more severe penalty could be imposed on him.

Sometimes the most harmless objects serve importantly in the deliverance of an escaping convict. A prisoner in the Tombs, New York, stealing a strand of yarn from a mop which he had to use in scouring the floor, eventually saved enough material to make a strong rope down which he climbed from a window. Similarly, a brown, "or two or three browns, made possible the spectacular escape of the famous Western bandit, Harvey Logan, from a jail at Knoxville, Tenn., on the eve of his departure for a long term sentence in prison. Logan had made many previous attempts to get out, no he was watched day and night in his cell. But he was required to sweep his cell each day, and he managed to pull a piece of wire from each of two or three different brooms. These he made into a long wire noose. Summoning his guard closer to the bars on some pretence, Logan slipped the noose over his neck, choked him almost into insensibility, got his pistol and keys and let himself out of the jail.

Among the recent exploits of American prison-breakers is the remarkable story of Reynolds Forsberg, once known as "America's most dangerous criminal" and "the king of escape." Only recently he was recommended to prison in New York, after being pardoned as a reward for many years of good behavior, during which he had not tried even once to escape. He had broken his parole by getting mixed up in a holdup, though he declared the charge was a frameup.

Years ago, whenever Forsberg was in an escaping mood it seemed no prison could hold him. Having killed one man and wounded another in New York holdups, Forsberg was in Tombs Prison awaiting trial. He was put in an isolation cell for safe-keeping, and four



Mrs. Lucille McCormick, Who Says She Paid \$5 to a Night Keeper of the Tombs Prison to Let Her See Her Husband, a Famous "Hammer Murderer."

days later his keepers gasped to discover he was gone. With his suspenders he had screwed from cell to cell in endless rotation.

loose the grilled ventilator in his narrow home and half slid, half dropped to the carpenter shop, two flights below. He had placed a plank across the prison wall and climbed up and over by night to freedom.

A month later he was captured in his girl's apartment. He pleaded guilty of second degree murder and was hustled off to Sing Sing to serve twenty years to life. But Sing Sing was not considered strong enough to hold this slippery man, so he was transferred to the "unbeatable" Clinton Prison at Dannemora. Employed in the machine shop as a plumber, he used his spare time constructing a heavy case of sheet iron into which he poured several gallons of gasoline. By applying pressure to this inflammable liquid with a force pump he hoped to perfect a bomb with which he could blow one of the guard towers from a corner of the prison wall, and in the ensuing commotion escape.

But his bomb was discovered and destroyed. Forsberg knew too much about the lay of the land at Dannemora now, it was felt, and he was transferred to Auburn Prison. Worse than all, he was denied the privilege of writing to his girl, or of receiving letters from anybody. His mail had been faithful to him four years, waiting for his escape, so he escaped without much further aid from Auburn. Only a few hours later a bloodhound tracked him to a neighboring hayloft, and he meekly submitted to recapture.

Nine years had been added to his term for his previous attempt, and nine more years were added now. Moreover, he was condemned to the isolation cells at Auburn, in a semi-detached modern building of steel and stone which, once the death house. Here there is a block of twenty-four cells, two rows of a dozen each, with a separate exercise yard for each cell. The yard,

instead of being roofed, is covered with a grill of one-inch steel bars, set five inches apart and imbedded in solid masonry.

"Now let's see you get out of this," said Forsberg's keepers, and Forsberg beat it. A convict who was to be transferred to another prison tapped word to him through the wall in prison code that he had a steel saw concealed in the weight box of the window in Cell No. 3. Forsberg found it when he next came to Cell No. 3, and started to work on the bars. He could do this only for three or four nights, and then he was transferred from Cell No. 3.

It was six long weeks before he returned, in process of rotation, to this cell, where he had again hidden the saw in the window-weight box. But the patience of the convict is staggering, and Forsberg won his freedom in the end. He was recaptured, as almost always is the case, not far from the prison, only two nights after his escape. He told the warden he had been determined to escape because they would not let him write to his girl or receive letters from her, and he promised if this privilege was restored to him he would never try to escape again.

He kept his word. For fourteen years he was a model prisoner, never gave trouble, became a trusty. He was recommended for parole because he had been so good. But only a few months after his release recently he was in the toils of the law again. He was charged with participation in a minor holdup in New York, and sent back to prison.

Scharschmidt, the human rat, was so bent on freedom that he chewed his way out of prison. He was serving a long term for robbery in the stout old prison of Gera, principally of Reuss-Gera, in Germany, and the window of his cell, instead of having steel or iron bars, was partly closed by an inner crosswise beam of seasoned oak, measuring seven by seven inches, and an



Through the Narrow Bars Clara Phillips Had Patiently Succeeded She Crept Out From the Prison Window and Her Confederates Threw the Loop of a Rope Over Her Head and Under Her Arms and Drew Her Up to the Roof of the Jail in the Early Hours Before Dawn.

outer perpendicular timber measuring nine by nine inches.

Each night S. S. Schmidt gnawed at the broken beams like a great rodent. He chewed and swallowed the sawdust debris in order to conceal it. And instead of eating the rye bread which came with his meals he made a soft putty-like mess of it and used it to cover up the scars on the beam he was chewing, for it was exactly the color of the oak. In three months he had gnawed through the seven-by-seven beam and there was room enough to wriggle through the gap. Then he started chewing the nine-by-nine wooden bar, and it took him four months more and many pounds of plastic rye bread to accomplish his intent. At length he escaped, but within three weeks he was recaptured.

Another German genius at escaping was Frank Van Wazer, who performed the seemingly impossible by breaking through a quadruple-locked solid steel door in San Quentin Prison, California. The door had a heavy lock at its center and heavy bolts at top and bottom, the top one being double-locked after a key was shot home by means of a key. The lock had no key-hole on the inside, so that no ingenious convict could pick it. The only opening in the door was an air-vent about five by four inches, from which neither bolt could be reached. But Van Wazer was not dismayed by this problem. He picked up odd bits of trash around the prison—a piece of wire, the broken end of a crowbar, a broomstick, a piece of frayed rope. Luckier still, he obtained a steel saw from the prison shops. He hid all his tools in a hole dug in the cell floor with his crowbar and went to work.

With his crowbar he forced the door apart from the jamb so that he could get his steel saw through to cut the upper bar, but he could not get at the lower bar in this fashion. He had to fish for this with his piece of wire and broomstick, and became so expert with practice that he could slide the bolt back with ease. The lock fortunately for him was fixed to the door with its nuts on the inside, instead of the bolt heads. Van Wazer broke off the nuts, carefully replacing them with wooden nuts painted to resemble iron. Then one night when his top bolt was cut through he fished for and slid back the lower bolt, pushed through the nutless bolts of his door lock and escaped from prison. He was never recaptured.

Harry Baxter, a lifer in State Prison at Tren-

The Treasures of Cruel Emperor Diocletian's Persian Sweetheart?

Remarkable Discoveries of Golden Masks, Furniture and Garments, and Even a Golden Door in the Ruins of the Ancient Palace He Built for the Beauty Who Solaced His Voluntary Exile From Rome After His Persecution of the Christians

THE 1600-year-old mystery of why the cruel Roman despot Diocletian abdicated at the height of his power and retired to end his days in a seashore palace on the Adriatic Sea has been solved by recent discoveries. Diocletian, last of the great Roman emperors, quit because he wanted to live quietly with his Persian sweetheart, Rubiana—and because he feared the wrath of the Christians of the Roman Empire whom he had so mercilessly persecuted.

For more than sixteen centuries the immense ruins of Diocletian's Palace, within and around which the city of Spili, on the Dalmatian coast in the Kingdom of Yugoslavia has been built, have been a puzzle to students of Roman history. Why did the cruel military despot, who had ruled Rome with an iron hand for twenty years, give up the reins of power when he was only fifty-nine and retire to a secluded spot to lead the simple life? Was there a romance in the autumn of his life? Or was it simply fear that led him to build a gigantic fortified palace at an outpost of the Roman Empire and to go there to live, far from strife and turmoil of politics? The answer to the puzzling questions has been found recently by the king Alexander I of Yugoslavia takes a keen interest. New light on the private life of the last Roman despot has been furnished by the studies of the social investigator, Oskar Kihlborn, and by Dr. Ljilja Korljan and Dr. Franje Bulic, authors of an important book on the subject, "The Palace of Diocletian at Spilato" (the Italian name for Spili).

The Emperor chose the quietude of Spili, they have decided, for three reasons. One was his Oriental girl friend, Rubiana.

Another was his desire to die of old age or, at least, a natural death, and not by assassination. A third reason was that Diocletian was the son of a slave born at Salona, and he wanted to contrast the heights to which he had risen from a humble origin. He was a self-made emperor and he was proud of his lowly birth. He quit while the quitting was good and went back to end his days near the place where he was born.

Great treasures have been unearthed, furniture of solid gold, jewels, golden slippers that perhaps belonged to Rubiana, fragments of golden clothing and armor, rich objects of art.

Of greater historical value are the four great gates of Diocletian's Palace. One is of solid gold, tremendously heavy and enormously valuable as a treasure find, rivalling the fabled hoard in the grave of the barbarian Attila, which is now being eagerly sought. Another gate is of solid silver, also a treasure well worth guarding. It is valuable not only for its metal, but for the importance of its inscription. A third gate is of copper and a fourth a mighty one of iron, 14 feet high, 11 feet wide and 2 feet thick, which faced the west to protect Diocletian from invasion.

How the gates remained there intact all these centuries, throughout the long series of depredations of Huns, Goths and Vandals which ended with the fall of Rome, and later of the Slavs and the Turks who overran Dalmatia, is a mystery. For some reason or other the despoiling invaders never took the trouble to do away with them.

Diocletian also built himself a huge mausoleum of rare Grecian marble, and a sarcophagus was of solid gold. Some years after his death his sarcophagus disappeared and his mausoleum became a Christian church, which stands today well preserved after nearly fourteen centuries.

Diocletian liked to call himself the son of Jupiter, and he built a small temple across from his mausoleum to pray to the pagan god. Shortly after he called his tomb the Temple of Jupiter and dedicated the small temple to the goddess Diana. His private suite of rooms facing the sea and his festival halls have yielded many of the precious jeweled ornaments which he bought for his sweetheart, Rubiana.

Diocletian was selfish, tyrannical, stern, unyielding, a one-man emperor if there ever was one. Other Roman autocrats like Nero and Caligula are commonly thought of as having been greedy despots, but it was not until the reign of Diocletian that the last vestige of constitutional rule was destroyed in Rome. He scrapped the Senate and ordered his subjects to

Reconstruction of the Tomb of Diocletian, Which Adjoined the Palace.

worship him as a god, in the manner of the absolute monarchs of the Orient. He wore the royal diadem and put on sandals of gold like those once worn by Persian tyrants, and required people to whom he gave audience to kiss his feet. A pair of golden sandals recently unearthed in Yugoslavia are believed to be the last he wore.

They are decorated with mystic designs of the Orient. They are relics not only of Diocletian but of his Persian sweetheart, Rubiana, for it was she, the most recent research has indicated, who put Diocletian up to all his kingly pomp and ceremony. She wanted her emperor boy friend to rule as a king among men in every sense of the word. She demanded that he keep a court as magnificent as any that had ever been maintained in Persia or any other Eastern empire.

She despised Rome and all that it stood for in the way of "Western" ideas of human freedom, and she prevailed upon Diocletian to make his capital, while he was emperor, not at Rome, but at Sirmium, in the Near East. She made him adopt the Persian adobe and the Persian style of household, court life and manners. He must not expose himself often to the vulgar gaze of the populace, but must dwell secluded in the inner courts of his palace. Historians have always considered it strange that a ritual of court ceremonies so elaborate and artificial could appeal to a bluff and hardy, warlike, simple soldier like Diocletian.

But new discoveries prove that there was a woman in the case, and a very alluring one, who was always prodding Diocletian to "keep up with the Joneses" and show all monarchs, past and present, how to be absolutely absolute.

Diocletian never went to Rome except when he entered for the ceremonial purpose of celebrating a



"The Martyr's Daughter"—an Incident During the Roman Emperor Diocletian's Persecution of the Christians. From the Painting by Professor Albert Baur.



The Table of Solid Gold Recovered From the Ruins With Other Precious Objects.

their religious beliefs, they represented a sort of communism. The new faith taught that the poor and meek were blessed and just a little better, if anything, than the high and mighty. It was dangerous doctrine for anybody to be spreading around in an absolute monarchy. It gave slaves and commoners the idea that they were just as good as patricians and mighty princes. Nothing like that had even been allowed in Rubiana's home town in Persia, and she whispered inflammatory thoughts into Diocletian's ear.

There had not been a first-rate massacre of Christians in forty years, and they were getting so they did service openly, had an even reputation of respect for the empire, with its paganish beliefs, and a monarchism that had grown enormously. In fact many government officials appointed by Diocletian were Christians now.

But Diocletian, or Rubiana for him, seemed to have an idea that a vigorous return to the good old worship of Jupiter would be a fine thing to reanimate the gradually disintegrating empire.

A terrible thorough massacre of Christians, besides, could only put a new mind off civil war and other things, just as, in the reaction of later-day Russian autocrats, a rousing pogrom and the slaughter of many innocent Jews were designed to please and interest the Russians and keep their minds off revolution.

So Diocletian put on a massacre of Christians that left in the shade all the persecutions of Nero, Caligula and other hostile tyrants. Diocletian had got his own job as Emperor that way. As a military officer under the Emperor Numerianus he had been present at the assassination of that ruler in 284 A. D., and to avenge the deed he had run his sword through the body of the killer, Captain Arrius Aper. For this bit of work he had been enthusiastically proclaimed Emperor by the troops, and for a couple of decades he had played Augustus in a very military manner.

But there was a new and greater trouble arising besides barbarians and civil war. Christians were getting more numerous all over the Empire, and Diocletian's girl friend, Rubiana, for one, did not like them. Quite apart from

found to be steadfast Christian. In such an instance the company was ordered decimated; that is, every tenth soldier answering the roll call was killed, and if the remainder still clung to the Christian faith they were decimated again. If this did not prove sufficient remedy, the entire company was slaughtered in the usual manner by non-Christian troops.

In one instance a Christian soldier resisted the order to march, and the emperor relates that 6,000 Christians died under the Captain's hand. They were cruelly put to death at Rome because they would not do anything.

If Christians were found at worship in a church, Diocletian's orders were that the church should be destroyed by fire and all the Christians with it. Members of the clergy were put to excruciating torture. They were crucified, flayed alive, clawed by wild beasts, scourged to death, their bones broken, they were roasted to death, suspended by their hair, afflicted by smoke and subjected to other ingenious agonies.

The martyrdom of St. Agnes, daughter of Julius, a Christian of Rome who died for his faith, has been depicted in a famous painting by Albert Baur. While in the act of laying a wreath at the tomb of her father in the catacombs she was surprised by a massacre party of Roman soldiers who had been led there by an informer. She was given the usual opportunity to deny her faith and make a sacrifice to Jupiter but she welcomed death instead. Eusebius quotes her words: "I am now glad and rejoice that thou art come. I will willingly receive thy sword, that thus married unto Christ my spouse I may surmount and escape all the darkness of this world. O eternal Governor, open the gates of heaven, and receive, O Christ, my soul that seeketh thee!"

Thus she knelt and prayed and the executioner cut off her head with his bloody sword.

The wholesale slaughter of Christians continued for ten years, long after Diocletian had abdicated. In 305 A. D. he announced his retirement, and made his associate ruler, Maximian, quit with him. He forsook his throne at the height of the long holiday of bloodletting. Perhaps there had been too much of it even for Diocletian's pitiless nature. Perhaps he saw the handwriting on the wall, or Rubiana saw it for him, and realized that butchery alone would never stop the spread of the Christian faith. He may have seen too brave a soldier to fear for his life, but his clever favorite Rubiana knew full well that the end of most Roman tyrants for several hundred years past had been death by assassination, and that Diocletian could not long escape that fate.

She wanted him to retire to the country with her—not exactly in a cottage, of course, but in a palace of reasonable size and magnificence, where he would be safe from the alarms of war and sedition. So he built her a lovely residence near Salona, on an estate covering more than 700 acres, and in a place where he could still intact, as it was on June 1, 305, when Diocletian and his sweetheart retired.

One tradition has it that Diocletian lived quietly in retirement there eight years and died in the arms of his sweetheart. Another account credits his death to an avenging Christian who followed him on a fishing trip and slew him.

At any rate, all Christendom was avenged not long after. For the Emperor Constantine, who succeeded to the throne after some years of civil strife, became a Christian and all Rome was converted with him. Whatever became of Rubiana, history does not relate. Perhaps she went back to Persia.

A Portion of the Excavations of the Ancient Palace in Which Many of the Treasures Were Found.

triumph over the Teutonic invaders or somebody. He said Rome was not central enough to be the capital of so vast an empire, and even when he set up an army commander, Galerius, as an associate "Caesar" in Italy he established the headquarters of Galerius at what is now Milan, instead of Rome. "Caesar," by the time of Diocletian, had become a second-class sort of a title. "Augustus" was the upstage handle of the emperor himself. Diocletian had a second Caesar, Constantine Chlorus, and another military commander, Maximian, to help him as Augustus, but he jealously reserved the absolute say-so in all big matters himself.

The Roman Empire, he seemed to realize, was on its last legs, what with barbarian invaders on the north, an insurgent spirit in many of the distant provinces and jealous army commanders in different parts of the empire ready to stage a mutiny or a coup whenever the chance offered. Diocletian had got his own job as Emperor that way. As a military officer under the Emperor Numerianus he had been present at the assassination of that ruler in 284 A. D., and to avenge the deed he had run his sword through the body of the killer, Captain Arrius Aper. For this bit of work he had been enthusiastically proclaimed Emperor by the troops, and for a couple of decades he had played Augustus in a very military manner.

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Canile Murders *By* Whitman Chambers

(Continued from Page 14)

"We don't want Whitey taking a run-out powder on us."

At this point Sergeant Lorrimer strode jubilantly into the office. He was plainly pleased with the world at large and with himself in particular.

"Well, captain, I found out some interesting things. He looked darkly at Bartlett.

"Bill's all right," said Kyrne. "Go ahead, sergeant."

"Well, I picked up some pretty hot stuff, chief," Lorrimer's smile was expansive. "I've been talking to the night clerk at Smythe's hotel. It seems that a phone call came in for Smythe at ten minutes to twelve last night. The night clerk, having nothing on his mind, listened in."

Kyrne was suddenly alert. "What'd he hear, Lorrimer?" Bill Bartlett knew then that what was standing out on his forehead, his heart felt cold. He found it hard to breathe; his lungs seemed squashed in a vise. The desire came over him, sudden and almost uncontrollable, to throttle Sergeant Lorrimer before he could say any more.

Lorrimer looked at him and grinned pleasantly. "Come on, blame it!" Kyrne cried. "What'd the night clerk hear?"

Lorrimer cleared his throat. "Well, he heard this party call Smythe to come to his office right away. Smythe's office, you understand. Wanted to see him on something very important. Couldn't wait till morning. All that sort of thing."

"Well, Smythe said he was in bed and didn't want to get up. Said something about having a cold and didn't like to go out in the night air. This party reminded him that his office was only around the corner from his hotel. Anyway, Smythe finally said he'd come. A few minutes later the night clerk saw Smythe go through the lobby. He never came back."

Bartlett's heart was pounding. He dreaded what was coming. He would have given his right eye to stave it off.

Kyrne asked tersely: "Who was the party that called Smythe? Give us names!"

"Blamed right!" Lorrimer's smile, as he gave Bartlett a quick look, was openly triumphant. "The party was a woman and she gave the name of Lillian Voyne." Captain Kyrne smiled a low whistle.

CHAPTER XVII. Hawley Steps In.

CAPTAIN Kyrne looked pleased. "Lillian Voyne, huh? So she asked Smythe to meet her at his office? Well, well!... Now about that time element. Is the clerk positive that call came in at ten to twelve?" "You bet! He's absolutely sure. He happened to notice the clock. And he says he remembers it was just a few minutes after twelve when Smythe came down. But that ain't all, chief. I got hold of the night watchman in Smythe's building. He saw Smythe come in. He says it was just after midnight."

"How does he know? Anything impress it on his memory?" "Blamed right! He'd just come from punching his time clock in the basement when he met Smythe going up the stairs. And the time clock was punched at nine minutes after twelve."

"I see," Kyrne said slowly. He reached for his telephone and Bartlett, feeling suddenly weak, sat down. He lit a cigarette, struggling to make his movements appear casual. He breathed a small sigh of relief when Kyrne did not order Lillian Voyne's immediate arrest. Instead, Kyrne called the morgue and exhibited considerable anger when he learned that Forbes, the medical examiner, had not yet appeared. He hung up and turned to Lorrimer.

"Take a car and go over to Dr. Forbes' home," he ordered sharply. "Get that bird, if you have to take him out on a stretcher, and bring him to the morgue. I'll meet you there. Snappy, sergeant."

"I'll get him, chief," Lorrimer promised. Kyrne sat rubbing his chin for a time. Then he rushed into his vest pocket and took out the bullet which he had recovered from the window casing of Smythe's office. He took out his penknife and, while Bartlett walked over

and stood watching him, carved the letter "S" on the base of the slug.

Then he opened the drawer of his desk and took out the bullet he had placed there that morning. He carefully carved the letter "V" on its base.

"What's the 'V' stand for, Ed?" Bartlett asked. Kyrne slipped the two bullets into his vest pocket and looked up.

"Just a mark of identification," he said slowly. "But it might stand for—Voyne."

Bartlett tossed his cigarette toward the cuspidor with an angry hand. And suddenly something snapped in his brain. "See, here, Ed!" he cried. "You're wrong. Blast it, you're wrong! What time did that call come in for Smythe? Ten minutes to twelve, Lorrimer said. Ten minutes to twelve! Right? What time did he get to his office? What time, according to the watchman? I'm asking you?"

Kyrne shrugged, looking bored. "Ten after twelve. Maybe quarter after twelve. Why?" "Because, blast it, at exactly twelve o'clock I was walking up the stairs of Lillian Voyne's apartment house!" Bill shouted, pounding Kyrne's desk with his fist. "She was home when I went in. Was with her every minute until you and Lorrimer blew in. That must have been a quarter to one. Now tell me this: If Lillian Voyne phoned Smythe and met him at his office, as you infer, she couldn't have been in her apartment at twelve."

"Let me see your watch," Kyrne ordered abruptly. He compared Bartlett's watch with his own. The times checked. "Sure you haven't set your watch since last night?" Kyrne said.

"Yes, and I'll go even further. I heard the clock on the Burrell Building—that's just half a block from Lillian's apartment—strike twelve as I was going in the door."

Kyrne said nothing. "Ed, I'm giving it to you straight," Bartlett said earnestly. "What I've just told you, I'll swear to on any witness stand."

Kyrne looked tired and old. He said very quietly: "I'm not doubting your word, Bill. But that gun—"

"That's another thing" Bartlett broke in. "That gun must have been in Lillian's dressing room all the time I was in the apartment. There's only one entrance, and it's on the other side of the apartment from the dressing room. You remember that, don't you?"

"Yes, I remember that." "In other words, I know that gun was in the apartment from twelve o'clock until you took it away with you."

"And when I took it away, I brought it here and locked it in my desk."

Bartlett plunged on: "Put it this way: Jim Smythe was known to be alive after midnight. At least for ten minutes after midnight, when the watchman saw him. And that gun was known to be in Lillian Voyne's apartment at midnight. So there you are."

"Smythe, then, couldn't have been killed with that gun." It was a statement, but there was a question in Kyrne's tone. "Absolutely impossible!"

"All right, Bill. We'll see." "See? Good heaven, man! Don't be so pig-headed!"

"I'll try not to be," Kyrne said very mildly. "Want to come over to the morgue with me? I'd like to have you. I'd like to have a witness besides Forbes and Lorrimer."

"A witness to what?" "The removal of the bullet that killed Jannings."

In the morgue, two blocks away, they found the bodies of Malcolm Jannings and James Smythe laid out on adjacent slabs. Dr. Forbes, an elderly, gentle-looking man, had just arrived. They watched him don his rubber gloves and apron, and stood by during the unpleasant business of probing for the bullet in Jannings' brain. The doctor extracted it at last, washed it carefully, dried it on a towel and handed it wordlessly to Kyrne.

The captain examined it through a small magnifying glass.

"Sherlock Holmes, in person," Bartlett said, with a facetiousness he did not feel.

The bullet was badly mushroomed. But the base, and the marks of the rifling on the base, had not been damaged.

"A 32, all right," said Kyrne. "You're blamed right," Lorrimer nodded.

"And it will photograph perfectly."

"Great," said Lorrimer. Kyrne took out his penknife, cut a small "J" on the base of the bullet. He then reached into his pocket and pulled out the other two slugs.

The bases of the three bullets appeared identical. "Blame it, Ed," Bartlett cried hoarsely. "I tell you it's impossible. That gun—"

"Wait a minute, Bill," Kyrne broke in sharply. "Please don't jump at conclusions. Have I said these three bullets were fired from the same gun?"

"No, But—"

"Haden't you better wait until

I do, before you get riled up about it?"

Bartlett said nothing. "Dr. Forbes," Kyrne said, "would you say this man Smythe was killed?"

"I'd say about twelve hours ago—and I might be three or four hours off."

"Twelve hours ago would be about midnight," Kyrne said. "The deputy coroner also fixed the time of death at somewhere near midnight. That's as close, I suppose, as we can get by physical examination."

Dr. Forbes nodded. "Yes. A few hours, one way or the other, is as near as the time can be fixed."

Lorrimer said belligerently: "But don't you see, chief? That dame met him in his office a little after midnight. Less'n an hour later we were in her apartment and had glommed the gun. Looks to me, chief, like an open and shut case."

"Better wait till we photograph and check these bullets," said Kyrne. "And even then, we'll get back to the hall."

They went back to Kyrne's office and the captain had just put the three bullets in the top drawer of his desk when Hallihan edged into the room.

"Office wants you to call, Bill," he announced.

"Mind if I use your phone, Ed?" Bartlett asked.

"Sure," Kyrne said genially. "Go ahead."

"No. Wait a minute." Hallihan's face was almost as red as his hair. "I got 'em in the booth out here."

Kyrne missed little that went on around him. He saw Hallihan color and now he looked at Bartlett with a wary grin.

"Better take it in the booth," Kyrne said. "It probably isn't your office at all."

"Sure it's the office," Hallihan said quickly, so quickly that everybody knew he was lying. Bartlett moved toward the door. His back was turned to Kyrne and Lorrimer, who stood at the former's desk; he winked at Hallihan. "Wait for me here, will you, Red?"

Bartlett went out to the telephone in the corridor and found Dr. Hawley on the wire. His heart leaped when he heard the criminologist's voice.

"Thought you might like to know, Bill, that I'm investigating this murder case."

"Like to know?" Bartlett exclaimed. "I couldn't hear anything that would sound better. The thing is getting too complicated — and — well, I'm glad to hear you've thrown your hat into the ring."

"I didn't throw it, Bill. It was thrown for me."

"The president of the university. The first murder—yes, I've heard there has been another—the first murder was committed on the university grounds and the president decided that we should conduct a separate investigation. He didn't mind admitting that I'm mighty glad he came to that decision."

"Doc, I'm sure glad, too," Bartlett said heartily.

"Now here's another thing."

Bill. You know how I stand with the police. They don't think much of me and I don't suppose they will be willing—at least, they never have in the past—to cooperate with me. I'm getting in late on the case—yes, even fifteen hours is late on a case of this sort—and there are a number of angles I am not familiar with. You are probably following the case very closely and I'd like to put a few questions to you? Do you mind?"

"Not in the least. Glad to help you."

"There is nothing, mind you, that I couldn't get out of the papers. But, under the circumstances, I'd rather have it first hand. There is no hurry about it. Wait until your final edition has gone to press and then, if you have the time, drop out to my office."

"I'll do that, doctor."

"Fine. Many thanks, Bill."

"You bet."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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IT TAKES
HEALTHY NERVES
TO FLY EIGHT DAYS AND NIGHTS
WITHOUT A STOP

● FRANCES MARSAIS and LOUISE THADEN set the world's endurance flight record for women when they brought their plane down at Curtis Field, Long Island, after flying more than 196 hours without a stop through fog, rain, blinding sun, and pitch-black night.

● IN ADDITION to their astounding endurance flight, Miss Marsais (Left) and Miss Thaden hold many other flying records. Miss Marsais is the women's champion stunt flyer of the world. It takes healthy nerves to fly... doubly so to fly like these two young women. It is significant that both are enthusiastic Camel smokers.

STEADY SMOKERS TURN TO CAMELS

MISS THADEN says: "Flying is a terrific strain at times. I frankly don't know what I should do without cigarettes. But I've found that different cigarettes have different effects on my nerves. For some years I've smoked Camels. They taste better, they're much milder. And I've noticed that they never upset my nerves."

MISS MARSAIS says: "I started smoking Camels because most of my friends who were flyers seemed to prefer them. I've never changed because I can't afford to take chances with my nervous system."

Camel's costlier tobaccos do make a difference... in taste, in mildness. They never jangle the nerves. Your taste and your nerves will confirm this. Turn to Camels.

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. You will find Camels rich in flavor and delightfully mild.



● WHAT A THRILL! And how a good smoke adds to its enjoyment. Light up a cigarette. And for the sake of your nerves, make it a Camel... the milder cigarette that's made from costlier tobaccos.

NOW/ THE GIANT TUBE

PERFECTED
DEPILATORY
CREAM

ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos
**NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE**

Meals a Man Makes for Himself Are Simple

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WHEN a man makes meals for himself they are simple! And we might add, they are simply GRAND! Men like abbreviated meals without trimmings not because they eat little, but because the real home man prefers one simple, delectable dish—and a whole lot of it. Unless I am mistaken, it is women who are military-minded in regard to foods, whereas husbands, not without reason, do not court and ally little dishes of this, that, or the other.

Think a moment of meals which men order in restaurants or other eating places! The waiter poses respectfully in the background while the diner scans the menu. Without taking time to read all the entrees, the fine print concoctions, the elaborate suggestions, Mr. Man looks up and says: "Bring me a chicken potpie, medium, with cheese dressing, and a big cup of coffee." I'll wager that Mrs. Woman takes exactly twice as long to order as her husband and will select more different dishes at that.

The point is, that in this finale of the hot Summer months, why take all the trouble to plan complicated meals for the family!

Why spend good vacation days worrying whether you will have meat, potatoes, green vegetable, pudding or pie? Can't we secure enough nutriment, and sustaining food value within the compass of a single dish, or at most two dishes?

The French have long known a trick or two about this and every chef or luncheon has its "specialite de la maison," or its "plat de jour"—the one daily dish into which chef or host pours his skill, his art, his imagination. It may be a duck, a fish, a capon, or mussels, or plain stew, but it is one dish, one succulent and superb dish—and courses may be general.

Men-meals, as I call them, are generally most satisfying and very tasty, but require the minimum of work in their preparation. As for those who are the housewife to follow, especially in these latter Summer days when rice, melons, corn, green peppers, and the peach crop at its peak.

Start by selecting the best quality of meat, fish or fowl which is to be the basis of the meal, and build the necessary accompaniments around it. The

steak dinner is just as popular in hot weather as in cold. Begin with a good porthouse, Delmonico or T-bone steak; instead of the tame and tedious mashed or boiled potatoes use bananas or rice. Fried bananas are delectable, and not used often enough as a meat-side.

They can be sliced and laid around the steak and broiled with it. Or steam brown rice separately, jazz it up with tomato sauce, and serve in a very man's meal menu. Mackerel, lobster, soft-shell crabs, clams, and fish are now running and form part of the catch or sport of the outdoor vacationer. Utilize such foods as the base in many a savory man's meal menu. Mackerel, lobster, soft-shell crabs, clams, and fish are now running and form part of the catch or sport of the outdoor vacationer. Utilize such foods as the base in many a savory man's meal menu.

Seasonable vegetables may likewise furnish the chief ingredient of the man's meal. Tomatoes with cream gravy made in the bacon dice, poured over toast, is fit to set before a king, even though he be only your own husband; eggplant with a cheesy-tomato sauce is another; corn and green beans are a very manly dish.

When only one dish is being prepared, that single dish can be watched and stirred and brooded over in a way quite different from that if the cook has several to require his attention. Have vegetable parboiled in very little water, replace the lid, set fire to

low and finish cooking by simmering in their own juices. This is the French manner of cooking, with only a cup of water or liquid—never with flavor-wasting quanta of water to boil away—taking the food's flavor with it!

Another advantage of this type of meal is—there will be no left-overs! And believe it or not, that is a good idea for hot weather when even the most perfect storage often fails, and when too much gray matter must be used thinking up what to do with the remains of last night's meal. As with left-overs—they are no longer in fashion! "Enough is as good as a feast" is a true motto, and it can be interpreted in more senses than one.

In my large file of recipes, I have a special folder labeled "dishes men make or husbands love." So I have taken out of that file a few choices only for my readers today. One of them you will read is made from mussels—that plentiful, nay even prodigious, sea-shell found all along our Eastern coastline. But also, how seldom does the American housewife find a more humble, almond-shaped bivalve! I have lived near beaches for years, yet only a half dozen times have I seen a mussel-hunter—and he was a Portuguese or an Italian, sometimes a Scotman, and not for the economy reason you may think, was he mussel-trapping, but because the Scotch, too, have long since appreciated this delicious food.

Mussels Marinere (or as sailors like it) is a gallon of mussels scraped clean and washed with cold water. Place in large saucepot with a cup of water, sprig of

parsley, a bayleaf and sprig of thyme. Cover and shake over a brisk fire until shells open. Leave mussels attached to their half shells, securing the black membrane with scissors. In a separate pan make a sauce of butter, minced onion, minced parsley and chervil. Add to strained broth, pour over half shells, and serve in deep dish, with toasted crackers.

Eggplant Exactly Right: Eggplant, peeled, cut into large dice. Ripen tomatoes cut into thick, crosswise rings. Bacon, parmesan cheese, teaspoon of garlic, salt and pepper. Have ready two iron skillets and lay onion strips in each. Sauté the diced eggplant in one and the tomato rings in the other. Have ready shallow casserole. When dice are browned, lay in layer in bottom of casserole, sprinkling with salt, pepper and cheese. Cover with layer of fried tomato strips. Repeat the whole on top and brown 15 minutes under broiler.

Quails or Broilers with Bayleaf Sauce: Make stuffing of minced liver, pork, onion, parsley, beaten egg, salt, pepper and dry bread crumbs. Stuff birds for roasting and cook with hot fire until well browned, basting frequently. Flavor gravy with minced onion, lemon juice, and bayleaf. Add a small glass of grape jelly to the gravy and pour over the birds, serving at once.

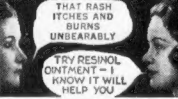
Lobster or Crab with Tomato Sauce: Use two crabs (or equivalent of fresh) picked meat of either shell fish. Use a tomato soup as the base of the puree, but tone it with onion, paprika and enough chili powder

to give a piquant taste. Have the sauce very smooth, add butter, and season. Add fish cut or broken into large pieces. Place in a casserole and serve with either white or brown rice, steamed light and fluffy. (Watermelon and ice coffee are all this repeat needs for emphasis).

Not all dishes men like are, however, the meat course. Often it is a dessert type of dish, which with a tall iced drink, may be sufficient to satisfy the hot-weather appetite. Such a one is this Huckleberry pudding, made by a man, and pleasing to all men who have tasted it.

Huckleberry Pudding Supreme: Mix raw berries with about half their amount in dry bread-crumbs. Use 3 eggs, separating whites from yolks. Beat yolks and stir into berries and crumbs, adding minced citron, grated lemon rind, brown sugar and butter. Bake pudding in oiled pan until whites are firm, making it stiff with confectioners' sugar and lemon juice. Spread ring thick-ly over pudding and replace in oven to brown. Serve with real cream very chill.

There is one last point about this type of meal and that is its true economy. Instead of three, four or even five different foods all cooking on different burners, the man's meal requires two at the most, thus saving fuel and also the waste heat in the kitchen. Again, usually this type of meal requires less food materials than the women's meal. Last, there is both less standing over the range and fewer dishes to wash. Need more be said? Don't plan menus for Summer, but cook meals a man would make for himself.



THAT RASH ITCHING AND BURNS UNBEARABLE

TRY RESOLIN-KNOWMENT - I KNEW IT WOULD HELP YOU

"Some time ago eczema broke out on my leg. After weeks of special treatment during which time the itching and burning was so severe I could hardly stand it, I was told nothing more could be done for me. A friend of mine urged me to try Resolin-Knowment, which I did. I am happy to say it healed my leg completely and I have never had any breaking out since." (Signed) M. E. F. New York

For free sample send to Resolin-Knowment and Resolin Soap, with instructions for the use of these products on various skin troubles, write Resolin, Dept. K-75, Baltimore, Md.

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Mercolized Wax daily as directed, inevitable wrinkles disappear, pores are closed, all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and even old sunken eyes are removed. It is a truly clear, velvety and so soft—like baby's skin. Mercolized Wax keeps out your wrinkles. At all drug stores.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other skin defects. Simply dust over once daily in bed and after bath with hand and use daily as face lotion.

DO YOU KNOW THAT THE American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Hearty Summer Dishes

By Mary Lee Swann.

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Roast Lamb on Bed of Spaghetti.

ROAST a leg of lamb and about a little more than half-cooked piece of a bed of spaghetti in a large earthen dish or glass casserole. The meat all over with a fork so that the spaghetti will be seasoned with the juices. Do not allow the spaghetti to dry out. Keep it soft by adding the gravy from the roasting pan and a little hot water seasoned with butter. Bake until the lamb is cooked. Add 1 pint of strained tomato pulp, garnish with sautéed mushrooms and parsley and serve.

Old-fashioned Stuffed Goose with Fruit Sauce.

HAVE ready a carefully dressed goose. Soak it for an hour in equal parts vinegar and water. Have ready the following stuffing: Mix 1 1/4 cups bread crumbs with 1 cup fine chopped peanuts. Add 1 1/2 cups cream sealed with 2 tablespoons butter. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1/2 teaspoon powdered thyme and 1 tablespoon scallion onion. Pare, core and quarter 2 sour apples. Stick two cloves in each quarter and mix these with the stuffing. Stuff lightly into the goose. Roast as usual, basting frequently. When done, sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar and serve with fruit sauce or canned gooseberry sauce.

Fruit Sauce.

MIX 1 cup dry brown bread crumbs with 1/4 cup melted butter, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons tomato catsup, 1 cup of grapefruit juice and 1 well beaten egg. Cook, stirring constantly, until egg is set. Just before serving add 1/2 cup wild grape jelly that has been pressed through potato ricer.

Jellied Cheese and Nut Salad.

MIX 1 finely chopped pineapple, 1/2 cup walnut meats, 1/2 cup finely chopped green pepper, 1/2 cup chopped stuffed olives, 1/2 pound grated American cheese, 1 cup mayonnaise and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Soak 2 tablespoons gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water and then dissolve over hot water. Combine with pineapple mixture. Add 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, fold in 1 cup of cream beaten until stiff, season to taste with salt and paprika and pour into a loaf bread pan. Chill in ice box. Unmold, slice and serve on crisp lettuce. Serve with French dressing or mayonnaise slightly diluted with pineapple or lemon juice.

Tea Room Asparagus.

DRAIN 1 can of asparagus tips. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Arrange in a shallow baking dish in rows with tips unbroken. Sprinkle generously with grated Swiss cheese and melt butter. Set in hot oven until hot and cheese is delicately browned.

Peanuts with Sweet Potatoes.

Slice boiled sweet potatoes. Place in a greased baking pan, cover with a thick layer of chopped parboiled peanuts, sprinkle with melted butter and brown in a rather quick oven.

Peanut and Sweet Potato Croquettes.

SEASON mashed boiled sweet potatoes to taste with butter, sugar and salt. Shape in small balls or croquettes and roll finely chopped peanuts. Fry in hot deep fat until brown, or bake in oven until browned. To fry, the croquettes place a marshmallow in the center of each.

Rabbit, German Style (By Request).

CUT a rabbit in pieces for serving. Put it in an earthenware casserole and add 1 sliced onion, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon mixed pickle spices and 1/2 teaspoon black pepper. Cover with mild vinegar and let stand in a cool place 3 days. Drain, add water to cover and simmer until tender. Measure the liquid. For each cup of liquid blend 1 tablespoon flour with 1 tablespoon butter and stir into the hot mixture. Stir until smooth.

Currant Jelly Sauce (Good with Rabbit or Other Game).

COOK 1 onion in 3 tablespoons butter until delicately colored. Add 1 bit of bay leaf, 1 stalk of celery, finely chopped, 1/2 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Mix well and add 2 tablespoons flour and stir until smooth. Add 1 pint of hot well seasoned stock and stir until mixture reaches boiling point. Strain and add 1/2 cup currant jelly and stir until jelly melts.

German Coffee Cake.

DISSOLVE 1 cake yeast and 1 tablespoon sugar in 1/4 cup scalded and cooled milk. Add 1/2 cup flour and beat well. Cover and let rise 45 minutes in a warm place. Add 1/2 cup light brown sugar creamed with 2 tablespoons butter. Beat in 1 egg, 1/4 cup sifted flour and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Spread lightly with butter in a warm place about 2 hours or until double in bulk. Roll 1/4 inch thick and place in a warm place to rise. Prick with a fork. Brush with melted butter and sprinkle with streusel topping. Let rise in a warm place and bake in a moderately hot oven.

Frozen Banana Salad.

ADD 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons mayonnaise to 1/2 cup creamed bananas. Mix with 2 tablespoons crushed pineapple, 1/2 cup sliced cherries, 1/2 cup broken nut meats and 1 cup cream beaten until stiff. Add 2 diced bananas and turn into a tray or mechanical icebox or place in mold and pack in salt and ice and freeze for about 3 hours. Serve on heart lettuce.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann.

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit French Toast Bacon Cereal Current Jam Coffee Luncheon Vegetable Salad or Spaghetti Luncheon Lettuce Toasted White Bread and Cheese Sandwiches Fruit Tapioca Casseroles Iced Tea Grill of Hamburg Steak Agave-Tips Tomatoes and Mushrooms Biscuits Favorite Fruit Salad Barle De Dessert Coffee Substitute	Breakfast Fruit Omelet French Rolls Sweet Coffee Home Made Butter or Spaghetti Luncheon Lettuce Toasted White Bread and Cheese Sandwiches Fruit Tapioca Casseroles Iced Tea Grill of Hamburg Steak Agave-Tips Tomatoes and Mushrooms Biscuits Favorite Fruit Salad Barle De Dessert Coffee Substitute	Breakfast Fruit Plain Omelet Muffins Coffee Luncheon Creamed Chicken Shrimp in Bread Lettuce Toasted White Bread and Cheese Sandwiches Fruit Tapioca Casseroles Iced Tea Grill of Hamburg Steak Agave-Tips Tomatoes and Mushrooms Biscuits Favorite Fruit Salad Barle De Dessert Coffee Substitute	Breakfast Fruit Golden Eggs Bread Coffee Luncheon Stuffed Eggs Tomato Jelly Toasted White Bread and Cheese Sandwiches Fruit Tapioca Casseroles Iced Tea Grill of Hamburg Steak Agave-Tips Tomatoes and Mushrooms Biscuits Favorite Fruit Salad Barle De Dessert Coffee Substitute	Breakfast Fruit Breaded Fish Golden Eggs Bread Coffee Luncheon Vegetable Salad Egg Salad Tomato Jelly Toasted White Bread and Cheese Sandwiches Fruit Tapioca Casseroles Iced Tea Grill of Hamburg Steak Agave-Tips Tomatoes and Mushrooms Biscuits Favorite Fruit Salad Barle De Dessert Coffee Substitute	Breakfast Fruit Poached Eggs on Graham Toast Bacon Coffee Luncheon Wassermann Break Cocktail Creamed Mustard Pickles Tomato and Cress Salad Vanilla Corn Steak Pudding with Caramel Sauce Coffee Supper Aspic Sandwiches Raspberry Shortcake Baked Fruit Punch	Breakfast Fruit Muffins Marmalade Coffee Luncheon Breaded Fish Golden Eggs Bread Coffee Luncheon Wassermann Break Cocktail Creamed Mustard Pickles Tomato and Cress Salad Vanilla Corn Steak Pudding with Caramel Sauce Coffee Supper Aspic Sandwiches Raspberry Shortcake Baked Fruit Punch

HOW TO VACATION ROMANCE WAS SAVED



1. FRIDAY... My first day at the beach—and I've met the most wonderful man! I never let him know we'll have lots of fun.

2. SUNDAY... I'm so unhappy! Yesterday afternoon Dave asked me for the first time if I was thrilled—and then he faded right away. What a terror!

3. TUESDAY... Today one of the girls dropped a hint about washing underthings every night in Lux because without Lux you risk perspiration odor. Could I have been gullier?

4. SATURDAY... Everything's wonderful now! Dancing with Dave last night, a wonderful trip in his speed boat today! I'm so thankful for that hint of Betty's—it's so easy to protect daintiness with Lux.

GIRLS—BEWARE OF HOT WEATHER

Underthings absorb perspiration odor—avoid offending this easy way

Don't let perspiration odor in underthings ruin your charm, spoil your popularity. We all perspire, especially in vacation weather, but we needn't offend others.

It's so simple to Lux underthings every day. Lux removes the odor completely and saves colors and fabrics. Ordinary soaps often contain harmful alkali which fades color and weakens silk. Lux has no harmful alkali and with Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing. As everybody knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

STOPS ITCH ON FEET AND TOES

Kills Germs of "Athlete's Foot"

End your misery from the itchy feet and toes by using Dr. Scholl's Solvex. It kills the germs that cause "Athlete's Foot." "Dyson's" and "Solvex" are the only remedies that clear up "Athlete's Foot" for these conditions. This powerful antiseptic and germicidal cleanser is a guaranteed cure for these conditions. The very first application stops all itching. It quickly kills the germs and soon heals the inflamed, cracked or itchy skin and restores it to normal. Get this relief today at your drug, department or shoe store. Price 10c. See that the name is on the box.

Dr. Scholl's Solvex

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more miles
no
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 Attleboro—Carter's Garage—
 83 S. Main St.
 Boston
 Albion Tire & Supply Co.—
 318 Commonwealth Ave.
 Cadillac Automobile Co. of New
 England—508 Commonwealth Ave.
 Field's, Inc.—1038 Commonwealth Ave.
 S. E. Fish Co.—31 Huntington Ave.
 Highland Filling Station—
 400 Spring St. (W. Station)
 H. S. Macomber & Co., Inc.—
 10 Brookline Ave.
 New England Tire & Supply Co.—
 241 Colburn Ave.
 Norwood Motor Car Co.—
 1088 Commonwealth Ave.
 Cambridge—Dillon & Clement—
 450 Massachusetts Ave.
 Chelsea—Macy Tire Service—
 271 Broadway
 Chelsea—W. W. Fales & Son—
 104 S. St.
 Dedham—Dedham Square Garage—
 211 Washington St.
 Fall River—Spencer & Brightman Tire
 Service Co.—475 Fennell St.
 Fitchburg—Motor Tire Service—
 57 Main St.
 Fitchburg—Wilson Tire & Battery Ser-
 vice—City Square & Beacon St.
 Gardner—Farver's Service Station—
 State Road
 Greenfield—Tire Service Co.—
 15 Ames St.
 Haverhill—Yeager's Garage—
 126 Chestnut St.
 Lawrence—Star Elec. Ser. & Tire Co.—
 81 Jackson St.
 Leominster—Murphy's Garage—
 31 Central Street
 Lexington—Colonial Garage—
 1601 Massachusetts Ave.
 Lowell—Harrell's Tire Shop—
 33 John St.
 Lynn—E. H. Bradley Co.—
 425 Broad St.
 Malden—Elliott Service Station—
 45 Eastern Ave.
 Malden—Ferry Street Garage—Ferry
 Street
 Melrose—Melrose-Malden Motors, Inc.—
 400 Salem St.
 Milford—Lee Ford Garage—
 180 Newby St.
 New Bedford—Adair Motor Accessories
 104 Middle St.
 Newbury—Leland-Stevens, Inc.—
 North Adams—Brewer Bros.—
 27 Ashland St.
 Northampton—Bernier Battery & Filt-
 ing Station—140 River St.
 Orange—Case Cold Rubber Co.—
 Phillips—North Shore Auto Co.—
 108 South St.
 Quincy—Smith Street Automotive Ser-
 vice—478 Adams St.
 Salem—Smith's Garage, Inc.—
 Lafayette St.
 Southbridge—Saratoga Motor Sales—
 46 Central St.
 Springfield—City Tire Co.—
 223 Dwight St.
 Taunton—Robertson Motor Car Co.—
 School St.
 Watertown—Edward R. Quick & Co.—
 145 N. Beacon St.
 Weymouth—Oscar Hettler—
 Church St.
 Worcester—City Auto Parts, Inc.—
 11-13 Church St.
- MAINE**
 Auburn—Jimmy's Tire Store—
 145 Turner St.
 Augusta—Capital City Motor
 Buxton—Matter Tire Co.—
 Biddeford—Biddeford Motor Mart—
 101 N. St.
 Lewiston—Jimmy's Tire Store—145
 Turner St.
 Portland—Greham's Great E. York
 Ferry Station—106 Forest Ave.
 Portland—Pine Tree Tire Co.—
 114 Forest Ave.
 Sanford—Sanford Garage—
 Main St.
- NEW HAMPSHIRE**
 Dover—Dover Auto Service
 Keene—Batholme's Tire Service—
 4 Concord St.
 Manchester—G. A. Gills Co.—
 110 Elm St.
 Manchester—F. H. Rice Corp.—
 100 Elm St.
 Manchester—Scott Oil Co.—
 200 Elm St.
 Nashua—H. C. Lintott—
 25 Main St.
 Portsmouth—Task One Stop Service—
 65 Duane St.
- RHODE ISLAND**
 Bristol—Franklin St. Garage
 Narragansett—Tubey's Gas & Service Sta-
 tion—Duke St.
 Pawtucket—D. W. Tire Shop—
 28 Goff Ave.
 Pawtucket—Curtis Bros.
 Pawtucket—(Central Falls)
 Pawtucket—Frost Bros.
 Pawtucket—Exchange St.
 Pawtucket—Cohen Auto Supply Co.—
 123 Wickenden St.
 Providence—Hague Circle Co.—
 137 Charles St.
 Providence—Kellerman Bros.—
 718 Broad St.
 Providence—R. L. Cycle Co.—
 141 Fountain St.
 Providence—Standard Tire & Rubber
 Co.—75 Fountain St.
 Westerly—Donny Copper Filling Sta-
 tion—Boston Post Road
- CONNECTICUT**
 Hartford—Tabor Cadillac Corp.—
 120 Albany Ave.
 Hartford—Super Service—
 51 Rodney St.
 New London—Road Service Sta-
 tion—Main St. & Jefferson Ave.
 New Britain—Commercial Garage
 Co.—Shattuck St.
 Willimantic—William Super Service
 Station—444 Main St.
- VERMONT**
 Barre—North End Filling Station—
 13-15 N. Main St.
 Burlington—Tire Service, Inc.—
 71 South Union St.
 Rutland—Colburn & Hayward, Inc.—
 81 Willow St.